

THE ATHENAEUM

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For the convenience of Subscribers residing in remote places, the weekly numbers are reissued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines. Subscriptions for the Stamped Edition for the Continent, for not less than Three Months, and in advance, are received by M. BAUDRY, 3, Quai Malaquais, Paris, or at the Publishing Office, 14, Wellington-street North, Strand, London. For France and other Countries not requiring the postage to be paid in London, 28fr. or 1l. 2s. the year. To other Countries, the postage in addition.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.
The TEACHERSHIP of GERMAN at this College is NOW VACANT, in consequence of the death of Mr. Wittich. Applications from Candidates for the appointment will be received until the 4th April. CHAS. C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council.
March 7, 1848.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.
11, Hanover-square, March 16, 1848.
Followers and Visitors are informed that the Demonstrations of Comparative Anatomy will in future be given at the Society's House, in Hanover-square, on MONDAYS, at Four o'clock precisely, instead of on Tuesdays.
D. W. MITCHELL, B.A., Sec.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, TRAFALGAR-SQUARE.
NOTICE TO ARTISTS.

ALL Works of PAINTING, SCULPTURE, or ARCHITECTURE intended for the ensuing EXHIBITION at the ROYAL ACADEMY, must be sent in on MONDAY, the 3rd, or by Six o'clock in the Evening of TUESDAY, the 4th of APRIL NEXT, after which time no Work can be received, nor can any Works be received which have already been publicly exhibited.
The other Regulations necessary to be observed may be obtained at the Royal Academy.

JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT, R.A., Sec.
Every possible care will be taken of Works sent for exhibition; but the Royal Academy will not hold itself accountable in any case of injury or loss, nor can it undertake to pay the carriage of any pictures which may be forwarded by carriers.
The prices of Works to be disposed of may be communicated to the Secretary.

ART-UNION OF LONDON: incorporated by Royal Charter.—The Subscription Lists for 1848 will CLOSE on the 31st inst.—Each Prizesholder at the Annual Distribution will be entitled to select from amongst a Work of Art, as heretofore. Every Subscriber will receive for each guinea an impression of "THE PRISONER OF GIBRALTAR," engraved by F. Bacon, after J. H. Waverley, now printing; and a quarto edition of Milton's "VALERIO," and "IL PENSIEROSO," illustrated by Wood Engravings by Thirty leading Artists. Specimens of the Engravings may be seen at the Office.
GEORGE GODWIN, } Hon. Secs.
LEWIS POOCOCK, }
Trafalgar-square, March, 1848.

IMPORTANT PICTURES.—AGOSTINO
CARACCI's celebrated Picture, "THE BAPTISM IN THE JORDAN," imported by the late A. Champarnon, Esq.; "THE VIRGIN AND CHILD," by CORREGGIO, from the Collection of the late W. Young (Esq.); Esq.; A HEAD, by GREUZE, in his finest manner; with other capital Works by esteemed Masters, are for SALE on very reasonable terms.—May be viewed on application to Mr. C. F. James, 107, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury.

EXHIBITION OF BRITISH MANUFACTURES at the SOCIETY OF ARTS, John-street, Adelphi.
Mr. CUNLIFF will be happy to supply any of the Works of Art in the present Exhibition upon receiving an order stating the Number in the Society's Catalogue which refers to the Article valued for.—Admission Tickets may be had gratis.
Joseph Cunliff, Fine-Art Publisher, 12, Old Bond-street.

IN THE GERMAN AND FRENCH PROTESTANT ESTABLISHMENT for a LIMITED NUMBER of YOUNG LADIES, conducted by Mrs. TUPMAN, Vernon House, Kingston-place, together with French, Music, and Drawing, satisfactory references can be given to several clergymen, and the highest testimonials offered from the only family in which she has hitherto resided.—Address G. A., care of W. B. 30, Cornhill, London.

GOVERNNESS.—A YOUNG LADY is anxious to obtain a SITUATION AS GOVERNNESS to Pupils under thirteen years of age. She is capable of instructing in the usual course of an English education upon receiving an order stating the Number in the Society's Catalogue which refers to the Article valued for.—Admission Tickets may be had gratis.
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NOTICE TO ARTISTS and MANUFACTURERS of the USEFUL and ORNAMENTAL ARTS, and to PATENTERS of NEW INVENTIONS, especially of WORKING MODELS which can be PUT IN MOTION.
BY ROYAL CHARTER IN 1838.
The DIRECTORS beg to acquaint the above parties that the Institution, during the present month of March, will RECEIVE DEPOSITS of WORKS of MECHANIC ART, together with new and improved ADDITIONS to the PREMISES, WORKS of ART will be arranged and exhibited with greatly-increased advantages to the Depositors.
It is determined (as far as may be practicable) that a separate Table or Glass Case shall be appropriated to each Depositor who forwards illustrations of the process of his manufacture with his finished work.
Parties will be furnished with full particulars at the Institution, 30, Leaden-street: or by personal application, from Eleven to One o'clock.
The INSTITUTION will be RE-OPENED to the Public early in APRIL next.
R. L. LONGBOTTOM, Secretary.

IMMEDIATELY, and at a great sacrifice, a MAGNETIC APPARATUS, also GALVANIC and PNEUMATIC, TO BE SOLD together or separate, the property of a scientific gentleman lately deceased. Apply to C. S., 13, Upper Kings-road, Russell-square.

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FOR SALE, a SECOND-HAND AZIMUTH and ALTITUDE INSTRUMENT, by TACCHON, London. The Azimuth circle is 12 inches in diameter, the Altitude circle 18 inches. The telescope has a focal length of 30 inches; the instrument is fitted with a transit mahogany stand, and the instrument with its stand packs into a mahogany case. For further particulars apply to A. & S. Opticians, 30, Princes-street, Edinburgh.

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PUBLISHING.—E. MACKENZIE, Monthly Railway Time Table Office, 111, Fleet-street, has at present an OPENING for the PUBLISHING of a NEWSPAPER or MAGAZINE. His shop is admirably situated for publicity and convenience, being the thoroughfare to the Times and Standard, in the vicinity of the Advertiser, Herald, Daily News, Punch, &c., and close to the Newmarket Hall.—Presting the premium on the most moderate terms, and assistance to the editor, or the entire editorial duties, can be arranged most advantageously to the proprietors.

LAW LIFE ASSURANCE OFFICE, Fleet-street, near St. Dunstan's Church.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the 13th March, 1848, falling Shares in this Society will be CLOSED on Thursday, the 23rd instant, and will be RE-OPENED on Thursday, the 6th of April next.

THE DIVIDENDS, for the Year 1847, will be payable on Thursday, the 6th of April next, or on any subsequent day (Tuesdays excepted) between the hours of Ten and Three o'clock.
By order of the Directors,
WM. S. DOWNES, Actuary.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, No. CLXXVI.
Advertisements for insertion in the forthcoming Number of THE EDINBURGH REVIEW are requested to be forwarded to the Publishers before Friday the 24th, and Bills by Monday the 27th of March.
London: Longman & Co. Paternoster-row.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. 164.
An advertisement for the forthcoming Number must be forwarded to the Publisher by the 23rd, and Bills for insertion by the 25th instant.
John Murray, Albemarle-street.

THE WESTMINSTER AND FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. 56 and No. 57.
Bills and Advertisements intended for this Number should be sent on or before the 25th instant.
George Luxford, 1, Whitefriars-street, Fleet-street.

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ALLEGED INFRINGEMENT OF PATENT.

BROCKEDON v. E. WOLFF & SON.

AN ANSWER to the Advertisement of the defendants under the above title, which appeared in the Athenaeum of the 11th inst., will be found in the following extracts from the affidavits of E. Wolff, one of the defendants, and Mr. J. Farry, their engineer, who with Mr. Edward Cooper, the plaintiff's engineer, appointed to inspect the defendants' manufactory, under an order from His Honour the Master of the Rolls—wherein Elias Wolff swears that his mode of manufacturing and compounding black lead from a state of granulation or dust, is as follows:—

"The black lead is first reduced into a powder by means of a crushing mill, and is then mixed with antimony, or any other agent that will dissolve by heat, and a sufficient quantity of water to reduce it to a sort of pulp; it is then ground in a levigating mill until very fine, the water is then pressed out and evaporated, and when sufficiently dry it is reduced into fine powder and put into an iron mould; the mould is then heated by fire until sufficiently hot to melt the agent, and then, after the agent is hot, and a pressure applied, either by a powerful screw press or by an hydraulic press; when sufficiently cold the mould is relieved from the press, the contents pressed out, and the lead is then in a solid block, ready for use. In order to make the block of sufficient degrees of hardness from BR. (soft and black), to 3 and 4 IL. (very hard), it is necessary to vary the quantity of the agent."

"Mr. A. Farry's affidavit states, 'That, on the request of Messrs. Wolff & Son, I visited their manufactory of black lead on Monday, the 25th of February, 1848, and there met Mr. Edward Cooper, who had been appointed on behalf of Mr. Brockedon to inspect the defendants' apparatus and process, by which Messrs. Wolff are enabled to work up small lumps and dust of natural black lead so as to form solid blocks of black lead of a suitable size, hardness, and quality for being sent to this office which are fit to be used in the making of black lead pencils; and Messrs. Wolff & Son showed to me and to Mr. Cooper their apparatus for reducing such black lead, with a solidified mass of other substances, to a state of granulation or dust, which a proper quantity is put into the hollow of a suitable mould, and somewhat compressed therein, and then, that mould with its contents being heated, the said contents are subjected to a very strong compression whilst remaining in the hot mould, and this compression is continued until the mould and its contents have become sufficiently cooled for removing the said contents from the mould, which being done, it is found solidified into a mass or block of black lead of the same shape and size as the interior of the mould wherein it has been solidified by the combined action of heat and pressure of the internixed substance, and the black lead so solidified has the same hardness and compactness, and exhibits the same appearance when scraped, as solid black lead. On the following day, Tuesday, the 26th of February, I went, in company with Mr. Edward Cooper, and on my arrival at the manufactory of Mr. W. Brockedon, who showed us his manufactory, and fully explained to us his apparatus and process of compressing the powder or dust of black lead in the cavity of a die by pressure with a compressing plunger forced down upon the black lead by a powerful fly press, the air being withdrawn from the powder before so operating by pressure; and in conclusion I say, that after fully considering the whole of Mr. Brockedon's specification, and comparing the mode therein described of solidifying black lead powder with the mode shown to me and Mr. Edward Cooper by Messrs. Wolff & Son, and on my own part of opinion, that the latter mode is essentially different from the former (inasmuch as that of Messrs. Wolff & Son solidifies powder of black lead with an admixture of other substance by the combined action of heat and pressure and of the internixed substance, and Mr. Brockedon's solidifies powder of black lead alone by the mere action of pressure in a fly press, the air being withdrawn from the powder before that pressure is applied, and by reason of the said essential difference, I am of opinion that it is no infringement of Mr. Brockedon's patent to solidify powder of black lead by the mode shown to me and to Mr. Edward Cooper as aforesaid by Messrs. Wolff & Son.'

"The defendants, E. Wolff & Son, have recently made up what they designate 'Purified Black Lead' into blocks in imitation of the plaintiff's patent black lead, and stated to their customers that they were of the 'good and similar' to the plaintiff's patent black lead, however, the inspection has shown that the preparation of the black lead of the defendant, in not being pure, is 'essentially different' from that made by the plaintiff, as stated in Mr. J. Farry's affidavit; and what that impurity is, I am of opinion is stated in the affidavit of the defendant himself—antimony."

On ascertaining that the defendants were only making a COMPOSITION OF SULPHURET OF ANTIMONY AND BLACK LEAD, in the mode described in the affidavit, the plaintiff immediately gave directions to stop all further proceedings, perfectly aware that his voluntary suspension of the proceedings made him liable for the costs of both parties—no expense which he will pay with pleasure, since he has been enabled, by the order for inspection and the affidavits of the defendant and his engineer, to satisfy pencil-makers and the public that BROCKEDON'S PATENT furnishes the only PURE LEAD in the market.

BROCKEDON'S PURE CUMBERLAND LEAD. For Drawing Penicils.—The Patentee having bought the entire stock of crude black lead from the Cumberland Company, is now ready to supply pencil manufacturers with this important article in a state of perfect purity, free from grit, and condensed by his patent process to all degrees of hardness.—29, Devonshire-street, Queen-square.

N.B.—Pencil-makers and the trade are cautioned against using a colourable imitation of Brockedon's patent pure Cumberland black lead, such an article being advertised as 'purified black lead,' though from an affidavit sworn by the maker himself, it is a composition of antimony and black lead.

ADVERTISEMENT COLLECTOR.

WANTED, an Advertisement Collector to receive accounts, &c. He will be required to give his entire time. He must have been connected with some London Journal. Address A. H., care of Messrs. Hailey & Co., Holborn, stating age and amount of salary required.

CIRCULATING PORTFOLIO OF WATER-COLOR DRAWINGS by the BEST MASTERS.—Messrs. DICKINSON & CO. beg to inform their friends that they have the Fine Arts, that they have ON HIRE DRAWINGS by all the first Masters of the day, viz., Harding, Prout, Cox, Fielding, Topham, Meek, Backson, Oakley, Frisby, &c. &c. sent for the Evening.—Dickinson & Co. 114, New Bond-street.

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Consignments of New or Old Books for Auction Sales respectfully solicited, and for which prompt returns will be made.
JOSEPH LEONARD.

Sales by Auction.

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MESSRS. S. LEIGH SOTHEY & CO.,

Auctioneers of Literary Property and Works illustrative of the Fine Arts, will SELL by AUCTION, at their House, 3, Wellington-street, Strand, on THURSDAY, 23rd March, 1846, and four following days (Sunday excepted), at 1 o'clock each day precisely, (by order of the Assignee), A Valuable and Extensive Stock of ANCIENT and MODERN ENGRAVINGS, consisting of Choice Proofs and Selected Impressions of the Works of Landseer, Wilkie, Turner, Parkes, &c. &c., embracing also a beautiful series of the Works of Sir Thomas Lawrence, and Portraits of English Royalty, Nobility, Gentry, &c. after Reynolds, Hoppner, Romney, Gainsborough, Shee, Briggs, Piccini, &c. &c., with specimens of the choice productions of the Italian, German, French, and English Schools, comprising the Works of Raphael, Menges, Müller, Strangé, Veret, &c. &c., Books of Prints, an original Portrait of the Duke of Wellington by George Dawe, R.A., and a highly-finished Picture by Alexander Johnston; Valuable Copper Plates and Impressions, Framed Prints, &c. To be viewed on Tuesday and Wednesday previous, and Catalogues had.

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MR. J. C. STEVENS is instructed to announce for SALE by AUCTION, at his Great Room, 38, King-street, Covent-garden, on FRIDAY, 24th of March, at 12 o'clock, A MISCELLANEOUS COLLECTION OF VALUABLE ORNAMENTAL PROPERTY, comprising Antique and Modern Plate and Plated Goods, a set of the Works of Raphael, Menges, handled Knives and Forks en suite, Brilliant Brooches, Single Stone and Half-hoop Rings, Bracelets, some Antique Jewellery, Rare Coins, Old China, Bronzes, Marble Bust by Thorvaldsen, Curious Pictures, Prints and Drawings, and a variety of ornamental items. May be viewed the day prior and morning of Sale.

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with INDEX.—On the 1st of June was published, an entirely new Edition of this Atlas, including a copious Index of nearly 55,000 Names. The publication of the Royal Geographical Society in his Annual Address to the Members, May 24th, 1847, in speaking of this Atlas, says, "Within the last few weeks, Mr. BETTS has published an ATLAS containing some of the most valuable and rendered extremely valuable by a most copious INDEX, comprising nearly 55,000 names of places. In addition to the latitude and longitude usually given, there is an arrangement, by referring to which, the situation of any required place can be easily learned, &c. &c. Several entirely new maps of India, Canada, Polynesia, &c. are also introduced. In addition to the novel and exceedingly rapid mode of reference here alluded to, by which the eye is almost instantaneously directed to the place sought, and the introduction of a large number of new and highly important maps (making in all SIXTY-FOUR), the whole work has undergone a thorough and careful revision. The maps of England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland are on an unusually large scale, those of England and Wales alone containing nearly 9,000 names. The maps of the BRITISH COLONIES are also on an unusually large scale, and numerous new will be maintained to introduce all new settlements as they may occur, as well as all new discoveries, whether in these or any other parts of the World; and the proprietor feels confident that no work of the kind, either as respects price or quality, will be found more deserving of public favour. The work is elegantly, but substantially, half-bound in Turkey Morocco, price three guineas.

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Before quitting the more immediate topic suggested by the volume before us, we must not omit to say, that for the numerous tables of clear and interesting statistics by which it is illustrated, and for very important assistance in the general task of preparation for the press, Mr. Tooke expresses himself indebted to Mr. Danson—a gentleman whose name is honorably familiar to those who cultivate the science of philosophical statistics.

Amid the long array of consequences which flowed from the momentous events connected with the first French Revolution, many perhaps were of greater ultimate importance, but none certainly were surrounded by a more curious interest or had a greater momentary effect, than those which affected the monetary systems of the nations of Europe. The complete subversion in many kingdoms—in France itself, for example—of all previous systems of finance, and the utter incompatibility of the ordinary facilities and reliances of credit, and of most of the ordinary operations of capital, with the uncertain tenure and the feeble power of the government, conducted them by rapid steps to the worst extremes of financial desperation. In France the immense volume of the metallic circulation—which, if we remember rightly, was estimated by Necker at 100,000,000*l.* sterling,—had almost wholly disappeared through the operations of exportation and hoarding so early as 1790 or 1791; and thenceforward began that reckless emission of *assignats*, which proceeded with unchecked audacity until the cost of a single meal was reckoned not in units, but in thousands of francs of this debased government paper. The world is, beyond question, indebted for the original introduction in modern times of this dangerous expedient of a compulsory government paper inconvertible into specie, to a community from which a better example might have been expected,—or at least in affairs of this nature an example which is not at once open to the imputation of fraud and prodigality. In 1690, when the decorous colony of Massachusetts could no longer refrain from unjustifiable aggression upon their neighbours, they procured the resources for a disgraceful war by a disgraceful means; and the "bills of credit" in which they discharged the naval and military expenditure of their descent upon Quebec, after various phases of depreciation, appear to have sunk so low in 1748 as to be equivalent only to one-eleventh part of their original value. It is quite notorious that the paper money

emitted under the guarantee of the American Congress during the War of Independence every way outdid even this somewhat bold example of dishonesty—an example, we are ashamed to say, which casts its foul shade over the annals of a country that claims to be the New England of a new hemisphere. In 1781 the 3,000,000 of paper dollars issued in the first instance in 1775 had become no less than 200,000,000, and their real value had attained a depth of depreciation of not less than 100 to 1 compared with their nominal worth: and at this rate, in point of fact, they were redeemed by a funding operation. If, therefore, dishonesty could be relieved of its infamy by the aid of tradition or the force of precedent, the present generations of repudiating Pennsylvanians and fraudulent denizens of the far West might plead with considerable show of reason that obtaining money under false pretences is indigenous in their country, and that they cannot be expected to discard a custom which had been assiduously cultivated by most of their progenitors. But all these former instances of excessive depreciation from over-issue were completely obscured by the sublime recklessness of the governments of the French Revolution: and remarkable as have been the illustrations, both before and since, of the dangers of a compulsory paper currency, it is undoubtedly to the *assignats* that the public mind of this country habitually recurs whenever the caricature of a circulation of paper is brought before it.

The same evils which afflicted France also afflicted the other great continental powers with whom she came more immediately in contact. In Austria there was the same resort to government notes as in France; and so fatal have been the consequences to the financial integrity of the Aulic Chamber, that, notwithstanding the terrible confiscations by Count Wallis in 1811, the canker has never been eradicated from the finances and credit of the empire. The same cycle of events ran its course in Russia,—and over the whole, or nearly the whole, of Germany; and we dare say that in the loose opinions which most people have formed on this topic from the loose phraseology in which it is generally treated, our own Restriction Act, which during the war rendered the notes of the Bank of England inconvertible into coin, is regarded as precisely similar in its design, its operation, and its results, to the contemporaneous financial arrangements of the continent.

An erroneous opinion of this kind has the advantage of great plausibility and of many high authorities; and it must be confessed that nowhere can a full and conclusive exposure of its fallacy be found except in the volumes of Mr. Tooke. It is fortunate, however, for the interests of mankind that the force of an argument has very little to do with the numbers or pretensions of those who start it; and, where a demonstration is complete, as we take it to be in this case, it is a matter of the most perfect indifference as to the ultimate consequences whether the truth has the aid of only one voice against many or of many against one.

The general tone of belief respecting the currency of these islands during the war is represented, we dare say, with tolerable accuracy by all that portion of the doctrines of Mr. Alison which lies on the descriptive side of his technical panacea of a market price of gold. The Restriction Act is believed to have given the Bank of England the power—and not to have given it in vain—of increasing the volume of its outstanding notes *ad libitum*; this over-issue is believed to have occasioned a depreciation of the currency of the country below its

Mint standard—to have raised the price of gold bullion to the enormous heights which it attained in the later years of the period—to have been substantially at the bottom of the high prices that prevailed in several branches of trade—and to have been the exciting cause of those frequent and severe depressions of the foreign exchange which so closely assimilated in point of hazard the pursuits of a merchant at that time to the blindfold risks of a corn dealer under the averages and the sliding scale of our recent duties on foreign grain. It is not a little singular that while Mr. Alison and his party accept most cordially these fundamental clauses of the creed of the Bullion Report of 1810, there is the greatest possible difference between the inferences which they attach to them and those which were so ably and logically drawn by the eminent author of that celebrated state paper. Mr. Horner and the Committee of 1810 were filled with alarm and astonishment that a society of rational persons could persist for a single moment in a system the consequences of which were so full of peril. Mr. Alison, on the other hand, is possessed with so confident a persuasion that to these very consequences we are beholden for our preservation and liberties, that in spite of his habitual verbosity he sometimes approaches the confines of eloquence in defence of the system from which they flowed.

Now, we do not mean to contend, with Mr. Hawes—than whom, by the way, few men have a more intimate acquaintance with these questions,—that there was no depreciation of the paper currency during the war. Of the fact of the depreciation we consider the difference between the Mint and the market price of gold as decisive. For if a Bank note on the face of it promises to sell for *five* sovereigns and in reality will only sell for *four*, what can be said? Surely, nothing but that the Bank note is worth 20 per cent. less than, or is depreciated by 20 per cent. below, its nominal value. But this is only half the question. The bullionist party not only affirmed the fact of depreciation, but they also alleged that it originated exclusively on the side of the paper, in consequence of excessive issues by the Bank. In the first months of the first years of the century, when the exchange on Hamburg fell from 37·7 to 30·1 and the price of wheat rose in a few months from an average of 50s. to an average of 120s. 2d. per quarter, they could see little else but the effect of a redundant paper circulation; they regarded with equal confidence as illustrations of the same influence the parallel vicissitudes in exchanges and prices which distinguished the autumn of 1808 and the greater part of the three following years; and, as a party, they persisted in the same tone of criticism to the end of the war, in spite of the plain and most significant facts connected with the fluctuations of the foreign exchange during the Hundred Days of Bonaparte's career in 1815. Now, it was this latter part of the theory of the bullionists in which lay the error and the mischief; and it is to the full, the satisfactory, and the philosophical refutation of this fallacy contained in the first two volumes of 'The History of Prices' that Mr. Tooke is indebted for his earliest, and in some respects his highest fame. By a most conclusive and comprehensive comparison of facts, and by an analysis which leaves nothing to be desired, he has succeeded in showing that, on every occasion when by the course of events the truth of the bullionist theory ought to have been palpably apparent, the actual phenomena contained not simply a negation, but a positive contradiction of its most fundamental terms.

Mr. Bosanquet and the other "practical" opponents of the Committee of 1810 had the merit of perceiving with tolerable clearness

the real incidence of the manifold causes of disturbance then operating upon the whole field of our foreign commerce; but while they were thus in the right as to the *facts* of the question, they were most woefully in arrear in all that related to its *principles*. They could explain with the most convincing accuracy how it happened that the impossibility of *sending* goods to the continent and the imperative necessity of *importing* goods from the continent occasioned an adverse state of the exchange and a high price of gold bullion; but when the exigencies of the theme required that something should be said about a standard of value and the basis of a sound medium of circulation, the common sense of mankind was scandalized by incoherent propositions about the interest of 33l. 6s. 8d. in consols,—or, as in the case of Sir John Sinclair, by notions about the wealth of a state being in proportion to the extent of its paper circulation. It is the greatest possible relief to turn to the sober chapters of Mr. Tooke from incoherences such as these on the one hand, and from the severities of abstraction, little less incoherent, which on the other were so greatly in favour with Mr. Ricardo and his followers. Under the guidance of Mr. Tooke, we can make all just allowance for the influence of disturbing causes such as those which arose out of the frequent occurrence of years of dearth—in one or two instances of years of positive famine;—we can understand how the necessity for large and sudden importations of continental produce, and the remittance of immense sums for the payment of subsidies or the equipment of armies, should produce a rapid and alarming fall in the state of an exchange unprotected by a convertible condition of the paper currency;—we can appreciate the influence in the case of so many of the articles imported from abroad of those other causes of augmented cost of production on which he has given us so just and lucid a commentary—and we can especially take into account the effects of that gigantic conspiracy to exclude utterly our merchandise and manufactures from the continent, embodied in the atrocious decrees of Bonaparte dated from Berlin and from Milan. Combining together all these considerations, there can be little hesitation in accepting as decisive the judgment of the 'History of Prices' upon the extraordinary state of things introduced by the Suspension Act of 1797:—viz., That there is no reason for believing that the paper currency permitted by that Act was greater in amount than would have existed under a condition of perfect convertibility of the paper circulation into specie on demand, had such a condition been possible in the face of events and exigencies such as those which characterized the years of the war; and that there is no good reason for believing that the Restriction Act was a source of financial aid or monetary depreciation, except during these desperate crises such as 1799-1800, 1808-1809, 1810-1811—and 1814, when, in point of fact, the choice of the nation was reduced to a very simple alternative—either to permit a suspension of cash payments with its inseparable evils, or to jeopardize the very existence of the commonwealth.

As we have already said, the arguments and details which go to establish the validity of this general conclusion are contained in the first two volumes of Mr. Tooke's work; but in the first part of the third division of this fourth and final volume he has again recurred to this early topic, and enriched it by several sections of commentary and recapitulation. To these we are unable more specifically to refer; but we would especially distinguish as possessing more than ordinary interest and value the section

devoted to a digression on the subject of the Russian paper money.

We conceive there can be little doubt that the germ of all the other important doctrines by which Mr. Tooke has in a great measure given a new complexion to questions of monetary science may be very clearly traced in these early researches upon the subject of the Bank restriction. The proposition that the quantity of the circulation is not a *cause* but a *consequence* of prices, is a happy generalization of the facts which Mr. Tooke had established relative to the entire absence of any sympathetic movement between the currency and prices of the war. The proposition, again, that banks of issue are utterly powerless as to the increase or decrease—so long as they maintain the scale of their operations—of the quantity of their outstanding notes, bears a very obvious affinity to the discovery that even under the shield of the Suspension it was much more by the means of its credit and its capital than by its notes that the Bank of England was able to confer so many advantages; and the very important doctrine that the real origin of drains of bullion is to be found in mercantile and not in currency causes, and consequently that the Ricardo hypothesis of the interminable nature of drains, so long as the currency remains unadjusted, is to be regarded as entirely devoid of truth, may very fairly be considered as a legitimate amplification of the fact that the adverse exchange and the inflated prices of gold during the war admit in every instance of complete explanation upon purely mercantile grounds. If to this list of what must now be called confirmed discoveries we add the emphatic reiteration by Mr. Tooke that the really moving powers in every system of interchange, so far as it depends upon the intervention of a circulating medium of convertible paper are not currency or coin, but the realities of capital and credit,—in the operations of which the currency fulfils merely the function of counters; and that next to solvency and good faith, the maintenance as far as possible of a steady rate of interest is the great concern:—we say, if we make these additions, we shall obtain at least an outline of the conclusions on this intricate subject to which a life spent in observation and reflection have conducted one of the most eminent economists of the age.

For the present, we conclude:—with the hope of presenting in our next number one or two further illustrations of the *rationale* of the more important of Mr. Tooke's discoveries.

The Bass Rock: its Civil and Ecclesiastical History, Geology, Martyrology, Zoology, and Botany. Edinburgh, Kennedy.

"The Martyr's Stane" (as by applying the words of the affecting old Cameronian hymn the Bass Rock might be styled,) furnishes more variety of subject than any common Bastille, or Spielberg, or Joux fortress. Sooth to say, however, its geology, zoology and botany have employed the ingenuity of their several reporters in a manner which is curious and pleasant. For instance, Mr. Hugh Miller, who charges himself with the first department, enriches his chapter by an account of a survey of Tantallan Castle,—which is no more a part of the Bass than London is of Southwark. Nevertheless, his survey tempts us, too, to linger.—

"The castle of Tantallan consists of three massive towers, united by two curtains of lofty rampart, that stretch across the neck of a small promontory of trap-tuff, hollowed into inaccessible precipices by three waves below. The entire fortalice consists of three sides of wall-like rock, and one side of rock-like wall,—the edifice, if laid down elsewhere, would be simply a piece of detached masonry, that enclosed

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no area, and could be rendered subservient to no purpose of defence; and so it seems difficult to imagine a less fortunate conception regarding it than that of a local topographer, viz, that though at present 'nearly insulated, it once stood at a considerable distance from the sea,' and what is now the perpendicular cliff immediately behind 'ended in a gentle slope, which extended greatly beyond the Bass.' * * * The enclosed area of the fortress, — cut off from the land by the towers and their curtains, and surrounded seawards by a line of inaccessible precipices, — we find occupied by a range of sorely dilapidated buildings, that rise in rough-edged picturesqueness on the west, immediately over the rock-edge, and by a piece of rich garden ground, fringed on the north and east by thickets of stunted elder. The ruins and the neglected garden are all that remain of the scene which Scott has so well described in 'Marmion,' as a favourite haunt of the Lady Clare:—

I said Tantalus's dizzy steep
Hung o'er the margin of the deep,
And many a tower and rampart there
Repelled the insult of the air;
Which, when the tempest vexed the sky,
Half breeze, half spray, came whistling by;
Above the booming ocean leant
The far projecting battlement:
The billows burst in ceaseless flow,
Deep on the precipice below;
And steepy rock and frantle tide
Approach of human step defied.

I succeeded in scrambling up to a middle range of apartments that are hollowed in the thickness of the front rampart; but there is an upper range, inaccessible without a ladder, which I failed in reaching, and which, if once attained, might be made good by five against five hundred any day. I was informed by my companion, that some four or five-and-thirty years ago, when he was a boy at school, this upper range was seized and garrisoned by a gang of mischievous thieves, headed by an old sailor, who had been wrecked shortly before on the rocky islet of Fdra, and had taken a fancy to the ancient ruin. They had constructed a ladder of ropes, which could be let down or drawn up at pleasure; and sailing out, always in the night time, they annoyed the country, week after week, by depredations on portable property of all kinds, especially provisions.—depredations which, though they always left mark enough behind them, never left quite enough to trace them by to the depredators. Sheep were carried off and slaughtered in the fields; the larders of gentlemen who, like all men of sense, valued good dinners, were broken into, and turkey and tongue extracted; bakers were robbed of their flour,—provision merchants of their hams; a vessel in the harbour, on the eve of sailing, was lightened of her sea-stock; one worthy burgher, much in the habit of examining objects in the distance, had his spy-glass stolen.—another was denuded of his clothes; the mansion-house of Seaciff was harried—the farm-house of Scoughall plundered; and quiet men and respectable women grew nervous over three whole parishes, when they thought of the light-fingered invisibilities that wrought the mischief, and asked what was to come next. Some of the North Berwick fishermen had seen lights at night twinkling high amid the ruins from slit openings and shot-holes; but supernaturalities are all according to nature in connexion with such ruins as Tantalus; and so the lights excited no suspicion. A Highlandman who had been sent by his master to plant ivy against the old walls, had been pelted by an unseen hand with bits of lime; but he was by much too learned in such things not to know that it is fatal to blab regarding the liberties which the denizens of the spiritual world take with mortals; and so he wisely held his tongue. At length, however, just as the general dismay had reached its acme, the haunt of the thieves was discovered by some young girls, who, when employed in thinning turnips in the garden of the Castle, were startled by the apparition of a weather-beaten face, surmounted by a red Kilmarnock nightcap, gazing at them as intently from a window in the fourth storey of the edifice, as if the owner of the cap and face had been some second Christy of the Cleek, and longed to eat them. They fled, shrieking, along the identical passage through which the 'good Lord Marmion' escaped the grim Douglas, when

The ponderous grail behind him rung;

the neighbourhood was raised, the hold stormed, and,

after a desperate resistance, the old sailor captured; and with his ultimate banishment by the magistracy, the last incident in the history of Tantalus terminated."

The real strength and substance of this volume, —so pleasantly eked out, as the above extract has shown—lie in the Rev. James Anderson's notices of the 'Martyrs of the Bass.' The names of some among the persons imprisoned there for conscience sake,—such as Gillespie, Peden, Mitchell, Blackadder,—were already well known in England:—Scott's 'Old Mortality' having done no inconsiderable part in recalling popular attention to the sufferings of a set of men, harsh and bigotted it may be, but desperately sincere. Those whom the subject attracts can hardly do better than bestow a look upon this record; being warned beforehand that it is executed with a deep feeling for the old times, which may in part preclude fair justice being done to the motives of the Lauderdale, Dalzell, Claverhouses and other malignants. How to allow for those who committed, as well as those who endured, persecution for conscience' sake, demands a calmness and width of view which some insist are incompatible with serious or settled convictions.

Steam Warfare in the Parana:—a Narrative of Operations by the combined Squadrons of England and France in forcing a Passage up that River. By Commander Mackinnon, R.N. 2 vols. Ollier.

THE title-page of this work is calculated to mislead the reader as to the nature of its contents. The theme of the narrative is of a much more limited character than is implied in the terms of the announcement. The former is confined to the voyages, up the Parana and Uruguay, of a steam sloop called the *Alceto*. By way of introduction, a few general remarks, it is true, are made on the "operations" alluded to, and some preliminary information is given:—but the main burthen of the story rests with the solitary steamer which succeeded in forcing a passage up the two great branches already named of the Rio de la Plata,—that is, up the Parana as far as Corrientes and up the Uruguay as far as Paisandu.

The operations of which these adventures formed a part were provoked by the condition of the Argentine Republic and the conduct of its notable president, Juan Manuel de Rosas. This worthy seems to have considered the Expedition in the light of a piratical adventure,—and to have issued, in consequence, a decree not only impolitic but exasperating and ferocious. The barbarous mandate resulted in the murder of a young English officer. But ere long the powers of steam were destined to defy at once the formidable preparations of Rosas and the more serious obstacles presented by Nature in the strong current and prevailing northerly winds.—The *Alceto* arrived at Monte Video on the 26th of January 1846.—

"Although every person on board was well aware that hostilities were going on with Rosas, still all were much astonished to find that with the powerful force in Monte Video not an inch of the country was possessed outside the lines; and as the neighbouring countries were not yet fully apprised of the wants of this besieged city, and of the means of payment from the exchequer of England, every article of food was extremely dear and scarce; and mules' flesh sold by weight in the market. This was tantalizing in the extreme, as immense herds of fat cattle were seen grazing in peace and plenty almost within gunshot of the defensive line."

Nothing having been heard of an absent convoy, it was determined that the *Alceto* should, in a few days, go up the Parana. During this interval skirmishes took place; and Orribe, the Monte-Videan general, amused him-

self with destroying and burning the quintas (houses) within his besieging lines. The horrors to be expected from the kind of warfare in which our voyagers were about to engage may be imagined from the following instances.—

"Tuesday, February 3rd. Our orders at length arrived, and all hands were busy in getting in provisions, and stores of various kinds, for the ships in convoy. In the afternoon, being ordered on shore to survey some bread, the author had an opportunity of conversing with an Italian who had just arrived in his vessel, an open boat about twenty tons, from the River Uruguay. He stated, that when about a hundred miles above Buenos Ayres, he one night incautiously made fast his boat to the bank. A short time before dawn, a party of the enemy, or Blancos, as they are called, surprised him, plundered his boat of all the portable valuables he possessed, and then, not content with the booty, laid him flat on his back, spread out his legs and arms, which they nailed down with spike nails to the deck, leaving him face uppermost to be scorched and tortured to death by the burning rays of the sun as it rose in the morning. Luckily, two of his crew were lying sleeping in the bushes close by, and thus concealed, were enabled to elude the enemy. The moment they retired, these two men leaped into the boat, cut the fastenings, pushed off into the stream, and escaped: two others, discovered by the Blancos, were slaughtered. Such is their refinement of ferocity, that it is a common thing on taking a prisoner, to peg him down to the earth, and either leave him to be scorched by the sun, as before mentioned, and gloat upon his agonies, or peg a wet hide over his body firmly into the ground. As the sun dries the hide, so does it shrink until the miserable wretch is squeezed nearly flat to the earth, and his eyes forced out of the sockets. An older and more popular method, however, is to sew the victim up tightly in a newly stripped hide, and allow the gradual shrinking of this horrible shroud to hug him in agonizing tortures to death."

Precautions were, of course, taken on board against surprise from the enemy; and, at length (Feb. 6), the party came to the mouth of the Parana, "threading their way through numerous little islands standing there as sentinels."

"The width varied from a few hundred yards to a mile. Occasionally the vessel steered close to the trees on one side, then, as the channel varied, shot across to the other. The water was smooth as a sylvan lake, while the fragrance of the air, the exquisite verdure of the trees, and the half-submerged jungle, formed a captivating contrast to the wide Atlantic. Sometimes, by extending an arm from the paddle-box, a beautiful and unknown flower might almost be grasped; but, more seductive than all, as we glided swiftly and quietly past the fruit islands, large clusters of rosy and tempting peaches and nectarines, in large quantities, hung almost within our reach, but, oh, provoking in the extreme, out of our grasp. It will be easy to imagine the longing eyes which were rivetted upon these delicious fruits, particularly by those who had just come from a long sea voyage. Our torment resembled that of Tantalus; but, as we were then unacquainted with the manoeuvres of the enemy, it was considered unadvisable to land. These islands are very low, covered almost entirely with fruit trees, under which grows a very thick and entangled jungle, with here and there large marshes covered by long reeds or sedge, and filled with strange aquatic birds. Occasionally, as we went along, a pretty winding creek branched out into the distance; and, when it passed through one of the apparently interminable and Savanna-like marshes, was beautifully fringed with trees, which marked its course for miles. It is currently asserted, and very generally believed, that the waters are so impregnated by the roots and branches of the *sarsaparilla* trees as to act medicinally on strangers, until accustomed to their effects. This was certainly experienced on our entering the Parana, and it had a beneficial effect upon the health of all. We were all surprised at the remarkable softness of the water, which proved very favourable in the generation of steam; so much so, that a great saving of fuel accrued, especially when compared to the use of sea water for that purpose. We

continued our progress all day, cautiously steering through the fruit islands. The river increased in width, or, rather the islands receded from one another, leaving the channel somewhat wider. Trees now became fewer, except a beautiful fringe on each bank of the numerous creeks which meandered away, traced only by their borders of foliage, till they were lost to the eye in the far distance; while from the mast head, could be seen a boundless plain of vivid green, produced by the long-waving grass, half-submerged by the high river. Upon every little plot of ground rising from this immense alluvial plain, a clump of trees shot up."

This is a picturesque commencement. But advancing a few lines further, we find the vessel stranded on a mudbank; an impediment with difficulty surmounted. Squalls and clear weather succeed one another; and at length a party of the crew find a point of landing.—

"The first thing which struck the eye was a great number of the passion-flower, in all stages, from the young half-formed bud to the ripe fruit. Upon these last were greedily feeding large flocks of paroquets and other small birds of beautiful plumage. The long coarse grass, from three to eight feet in height, rendered it extremely difficult to walk far from the banks; but, nevertheless, some of the party succeeded in procuring several of the gaudy-plumaged birds, which, most unpoetically, from the dearth of fresh food, were afterwards made into a pie. One of the party happened to pass within about five yards of a hanging nest, suspended on the branches of a tree, seven or eight feet from the ground. This was inhabited by a species of insect which is best described as a large flying ant. With one accord the winged tenants flew at the unfortunate intruder, and severely stung the exposed parts of his body. The stings proved extremely venomous, and caused very irritating and painful lumps, much worse than are usually inflicted by such minute insects, however poisonous may be their nature. Two small birds were shot, with long slender feathers sticking out of the tail, to the length of eighteen inches, called by the sailors widow-birds. These were killed merely from curiosity, as they had a very conspicuous appearance flying through the air with such singular appendages."

Of descriptions like these there is no end:—the scenery abounds with zoological and picturesque marvels. The town of San Pedro was fortified by Rosas, and the guns there were manned by Englishmen. Our author hopes that these were compelled to fight,—particularly as in the course of the contest described they were nearly all killed. He adds,—

"Rosas must have been well aware of the fondness of Englishmen for good cheer, as a store of champagne, claret, porter and other liquors was discovered in the camp, and destroyed by the victors."

The voyagers continued to proceed—resisting the perpetual attacks made on them from the shore; but throughout observing the order not to fire until fired at. At length, they arrived at the extreme point of San Lorenzo, and opened the mouth of the river Carcarana,—whence a number of islands extend to the city of Santa Fé. Here a flight of locusts warned them to look out for squalls; and accordingly they came to,—sheltered between two rocks. Here they were visited by the Pampero in all its fury—a storm which is described as being similar to the African squalls or tornadoes, extremely dangerous, and blowing as hard as a West Indian hurricane. As they proceeded up the channel a change was gradually perceptible in the vegetable and animal kingdoms on either bank,—the tropical productions more and more prevailing every day. Clumps of bamboos studded the banks, luxuriant and of great size; and these were at length clothed with a dense tropical forest,—beautiful creepers climbing up and falling in fantastic and elegant festoons.

The author, accompanied by an interpreter, proceeded inland in quest of inhabitants. Towards evening they left the open prairie, and entered a district partially wooded.—

"When we dismounted nothing could exceed the ceremonious politeness of the nearly naked Senors who became our hosts. Dinner (the best they had) was immediately ordered, soon prepared, and smoking before us. It consisted of beef, broiled, or rather singed, on the embers of a wood fire, then impaled on a common stick, skewerwise, and stuck into the ground beside us. We had also a large calabash full of delicious oranges picked from a tree in the enclosure or yard. By the time our primitive dinner was ready, we had unsaddled our steeds and heaped our traps, including mails, guns, pistols, ricas, bridles, &c., together. Then pulling out our knives, we squatted round our provisions, and immediately commenced the repast. During our dinner all the ladies of the family were intently watching us, and amusing themselves at our expense. Two were extremely pretty, but dressed in a fashion peculiar to this country. They had not a single article of clothing except a loose garment very low and very short. I cannot describe it better than by calling it half apron half petticoat. Their glossy black hair was tastefully dressed. They were lolled in a high hammock close to us; and, whilst they kept their feet concealed, seemed, with their light red, but clear, complexions, to be very engaging. Their regular features, in spite of colour, plainly demonstrated their European extraction, and showed a wide difference to the aboriginal features in the persons of the Guaranis Indians, many of whom were lounging about. At nine o'clock, having arranged all my things as comfortably as circumstances would allow, with the mails for a pillow, and loaded fire-arms beside me, I tried to compose myself to sleep; but the excitement of the strange position I was in entirely banished any thought of repose. I therefore, lit my cigar and took a survey of this wild and strange scene, lighted up by a most beautiful moon, and further irradiated by numerous fire-flies flitting about the foliage of an orange tree close at hand, like so many erratic lamps. Moving and lying about higgledy-piggledy were the numerous pets of the family, consisting of dogs, sheep, colts, fawns, goats, calves, fowls, ducks, children, and a good sized tiger-cat, who all appeared to scramble and agree together with the utmost confidence and cordiality. In the orange tree were several parrots, which had acquired, from imitation, various human and bestial cries. The absurd clamour and gambols of this unique assembly were most extraordinary. Sometimes a profound stillness prevailed, only disturbed by the buzzing and low, gentle whistle of insects or lizards; and anon, as a small fleecy cloud momentarily shaded the brilliant moonlight, the fire-flies appeared to gain additional lustre, and to multiply into countless numbers. A light air loaded with perfume just gave a gentle motion to the leaves of the orange tree, from which proceeded a low wailing sob, as from a child in great pain. This appeared to arouse a host of mourners. The sobbing was taken up by dozens of voices, apparently of all ages, until the chorus swelled into loud and agonizing grief. 'Bless my heart! what on earth can this mean?' thought I, rising up, cocking my pistols, and looking anxiously round 'rather scary,' as Brother Jonathan has it. For a short time the distressing wall continued, and increased in painful chorus. I began really to be infected with melancholy feelings, when suddenly the concert was changed into loud and screaming laughter, which, after swelling into a perfect diapason, fell as if from utter exhaustion. The source of the sounds was at length revealed: they were produced by the rascally parrots in the orange trees. Sleep was quite out of the question until a late hour, as the parrots were continually, upon any disturbing cause, venting their screams of joy or sorrow, or pleasure or hate, as the fancy struck them."

We might extend our extract to show how the Commander's slumbers were disturbed by the tame tiger cat gambolling and jumping over him, and how he shot at the creature to the annoyance of the whole establishment;—and might amuse our readers with much similar matter. But we will content ourselves with the following further citation, for the sake of the picture.—

"The moment the people knew we were a government Chasque, there was a great hubbub in the place,

A little boy of seven years old was helped up on a great, tall black steed (his father's), and sent off full speed to drive in the horses. He was such a diminutive little wretch, that I did not think he could possibly cling on. Just as he was starting, his mother called him back, and to my horror put into his arms a baby not a year old. This made no difference to him; he placed the chuckling little red devil sideways before him, jerked his tiny heels into his horse's side, and away the juvenile riders went at a full and reckless gallop, both as naked as they were born. In a few minutes, they returned with great exultation, driving in about a hundred horses; the little baby crowing with delight."

There is not much in the tale of skirmishes contained in these volumes to interest the general reader,—and with the politics of Monte Video we need not be detained. The work concludes with some 'Sketches of South America,' which are in great part translated from the work of Don Felix Azara,—an author frequently quoted by Cuvier.

The Half Sisters: a Tale. By Geraldine Endor Jewsbury, author of 'Zoe.' 2 vols. Chapman & Hall.

'The Half Sisters' is, in every point of view, a welcome advance upon 'Zoe.' The story is simpler, better-contrived and more interesting; the characters are more decidedly marked and steadily maintained; the writing is even,—the passages of reflection are less forced and those of sentiment less freaked with eccentricity.

The tale may be added to the list of works devoted to the condition of women of genius in the midst of a world that loves to profit by the pleasure they afford, yet despises and keeps at a distance those affording it. Bianca, the heroine, is a born actress; who works her way up by her brilliant talents and remarkable worth to a high marriage. This, it will be seen, is a familiar invention. Similar combinations will be found in one of Miss Martineau's stories,—in other English novels of more recent origin ('Violet the Danseuse,' Mr. Chorley's 'Conti' and 'Pomfret' among the number);—and in the 'Consuelo' of George Sand: not to speak of the hundred German tales owing their origin to the well-thumbed, yet dearly-loved 'Corinne.' In most of these, when the Delight of 'shining theatres' is handed over the threshold of domestic life by Love, the career of the Artist comes to its close. What a light on the peculiarity of Woman's position is shown in this unconscious coincidence! It is not introduced merely because novels usually cease with the marriage ceremony;—but because the wife or the mother on the stage is imagined, by retaining her position, to be rendered more or less unfaithful to love, duty, or delicacy,—because it has never been admitted that Art can be the main business of her life, as of Man's. This, indeed, is emphatically marked out by the provisions of Nature:—and hence, in some degree, she is liable to disturbing influences of far more powerful distraction than any which he can prove. She moves under the shadow of impending sacrifice (suppressing her love of her art genuine) from the moment that she allows herself to indulge in Woman's most impassioned and purest hopes. And not merely by the ordinance of society, but also by the apportionment of her duties in the scheme of creation, is her place in the Temple rendered transient and her service there a divided one—surrounded by perils not easy to legislate for, and perplexing to contemplate.

Miss Jewsbury has looked at the picturesque side of her subject rather than solved its difficulties. Like Madame Dudevant in her exquisite fancy-piece of the singing-girl of the Corte Minelli, she has endowed her Bianca with preternatural grace, sobriety and intellectual

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development:—permitting reason to aid genius whenever it is wanted. Like other philanthropic novelists bent on social reform, she somewhat paradoxically proves it to be unnecessary, by exhibiting a heroine stronger and more admirable than any advantages of education or environments of sympathy could have made her. Of the real traces which early struggle, imperfect cultivation, public exhibition and inequality in private intercourse leave on most of the "favourites" of the world we here hardly find one. While Miss Jewsbury aspires to do battle with "Conventionalism" as a Dagon which is to be pulled down by every strong man and earnest woman, she adorns her heroine with most of its graces. Miss Edgeworth did not endow her Caroline Percy and Leonora with more moral strength and righteous prudence, nor more nicely apportion for them trials and supports, than Miss Jewsbury has done by her heroine. The story will please the novel reader all the more for this manner of managing it;—but as a piece of philosophy it is impaired so almost to lose the value and virtue intended.

A young friendless girl—whose Italian mother, having reached England in quest of the father of her child, loses her senses—is compelled by necessity to earn her bread as a mime at a Circus. While doing this, she is befriended and generously shielded from evil by a young enthusiastic collegian. The two fall in love: but then comes the old tale of "Mrs. Grundy's prejudices;"—and Bianca is wiser than Conrad, and sends him away from her, to prove his constancy. She rises from the Circus to the legitimate theatre, ripens into a distinguished actress, comes to London, and succeeds as *Juliet*—finding, alas! at the very moment of her triumph that her Romeo had returned from his travels without having made an effort to seek her. The following extract speaks for itself.

"The day passed slowly over; Conrad did not come, and fevered and weary, she went to the theatre in the evening. At the end of the first act, she returned to her dressing-room. A note had just arrived; it contained but one line,

"May I see you after the play? I will be waiting for you."

CONRAD.

"Bianca went through the remainder of the play as if she had been inspired. He was present, and it was at his feet she was laying her success. She had worked for long years in the hope of making herself worthy of him before all the world. And this night was, to her, the dedication of herself and her work to him for whom she had toiled. She rejoiced now, that he had not seen her whilst any doubt hung over her success; it was not an attempt she wished to offer to him, but an approved and perfected work. She had been stamped with public success, and now she felt greedy of applause, that she might have her triumph so much the more splendid to fling at his feet. She recollected that night at the circus, when he first witnessed her efforts; she was then only anxious about what he would think of her; but now she had become a finished artist; she knew her art, and was conscious of her own mastery over it; she did not now feel anxious for his praise or admiration for what she was doing, she only desired him to sit like a God above her, that she might lay her gifts upon his altar. When the curtain fell, she flew up-stairs to her dressing-room; but her agitation was so violent, that she could hardly support herself whilst Margaret changed her dress. She trembled so much, that she nearly fell in attempting to descend the stairs. Good God! men suffer more on the threshold of a long desired happiness, than if they were entering a torture-chamber. At the stage-door Conrad was standing negligently, and looking with a mixture of contempt and curiosity at all that was passing; his head was turned, and he did not perceive Bianca till she was close beside him. He saw she was agitated, and, without speaking a word, lifted her into the carriage, and followed her himself. He, too, was moved at the sight of one he had once so much loved; but he was not prepared for the pas-

sionate emotion with which Bianca, suffocated with sobs, flung herself on his breast. He was embarrassed, and almost frightened at the sight of such strong emotion; he had nothing within his own soul to meet it, and he was oppressed with it. Still he caressed her tenderly; but he felt awkward, and feared lest she should discover how much less fervent his feelings were than hers. But his vanity was soothed, and that enabled him to go through a scene which, on its own merits, was very wearisome. 'Half the men in London would envy me, if they saw me;—and this reflection gave a fictitious value to his position. When a man has once got over his passion for a woman, he finds her demonstrations of attachment very irksome; if they proceeded from the most indifferent woman in the world they would please him better, because there would be at least something open—he is not sure, beforehand, that she may not prove the yet unseen queen of his soul: but a woman whom he has once passionately loved and forgotten, has neither hope nor mystery remaining for him; she is a discovered enigma. No matter what noble or precious qualities lie within her—he has explored them, and found they cannot enrich him; there is no more to hope, or expect, or discover. Bianca had just one chance of regaining Conrad, and but one, and that she flung away within the first hour of their meeting. Her position was so changed, her whole nature was so matured and developed, within the four years of their separation, that she was, in fact, a new creature. Had there been the least uncertainty, the least difficulty, the least appearance of indifference, Conrad might have been stimulated into a desire to regain his empire over this brilliant creature; but when she flung herself upon him, and let him see so clearly that she was still the same Bianca as of old, that same Bianca of whom he had become weary, and that her affection was as glowing and overpowering as ever, the faint spark was quenched which might have become a flame, and he felt something like displeasure at her, for being more constant than himself. However, he began to express all the admiration he felt for her acting, and to foretell all sorts of glories for her. 'You surpassed all my expectations, Bianca, and realized all that could be embodied in a dramatic Muse. What other actresses may have been in their generation I know not—but you make all who behold you very thankful that they live in this.' 'Oh!' cried Bianca, impatiently, 'do not praise me, you—other people can say all they think about my genius, it is for you I have laboured—it is for you I have endeavoured to make myself of some value, to make myself worthy of you. Of what worth is my genius to me except that! Only tell me that you do not despise it, that you love me as you did when last we parted, that is all I care to know. The praise I get from others is for you to put your feet upon—it kills me to be praised by you.' Conrad never liked to give pain. He could do cruel things when his own comfort or inclination were at stake, but he had not nerve enough to give pain before his own eyes; he had, to do him justice, a fund of goodness. He felt worried to see people suffer, and therefore he did his best now, to say and do all that was expected from him. If she had only shown one tithe of the passion she manifested, it would have been a much easier task; but now he felt all enterprise or enthusiasm choked out of him by her vehemence. Men are beasts of prey in their souls; they desire or value nothing but what they conquer with difficulty, or some sort of violence; and they require to find an antagonizing resistance. When they arrived at Bianca's residence he entered along with her. She had become calmer, and they got on more pleasantly together. There was much to hear and to tell on both sides—he felt really interested in her progress, for it was in some sort the work of his own hands. She gave the history of her life since they parted with great spirit, and it amused him much more than her love. He also had to tell her about himself, and his own doings; but, as might be expected, with great modifications. He entered warmly into all her plans and prospects, and expressed the most zealous anxiety to serve her—in which he was quite sincere; and they talked with all the intimacy of earlier days, but still her eyes hung restlessly and inquiringly upon him. She was thirsting for some definite expression of love, and there was an innate honesty, or perverseness, or devilry in him, which hindered him

speaking the desired word. He would really have been very glad to pacify her, but he could not find it in his heart. At half-past eleven he rose to go, saying it would not be right to let her keep him longer; but promised she should either see or hear from him on the morrow."

At a later period, we find the *Waverley* of this scene transformed into a pedantic harangue on "woman's delicacy," merely that Miss Jewsbury may knock down his fallacies with respect to artist-women. Nevertheless, the consolation which she accords to the unkindly-used Bianca is a tacit admission of the justice of many of his comments. The actress marries a nobleman, who, of course, takes her off the stage. Madame Dudevant was more true to her text in making her Comtesse de Rudolstadt never quit the arena in which the exercise of her talents became to her a duty.

But Bianca has a half sister, her father's legitimate daughter, brought up by a house-keeping English mother, married to a man whose character she imperfectly apprehends, and whose "ill stars" throw her also in the way of the above-mentioned fickle Conrad. He finds in her the genius which fascinates his imagination, and the delicate qualities which satisfy his fastidiousness—and lays siege to her accordingly. How this adventure terminates we will not divulge; desiring to forestall no reader's pleasure in a story full of interest and undertaken with honest purpose. But in the whole position and character of Alice Miss Jewsbury has again allowed herself to be seduced into an error very nearly as vulgar as those which she so incessantly reprobates.

We dwell for a while on the fallacy adverted to—seeing that it is common to a large family of books. The sneer against "respectability"—the complaints against it as at variance with and oppressive of Genius, have become too frequent and are too foolish not to call for animadversion. Doubtless, Genius has much to suffer in its intercourse with society; something from material neglect,—something from imperfect appreciation,—something (this trial being rarely counted) from false friendship or injudicious kindness. But this is the lot of superiority; bad as an influence if dwelt upon in a pharisaical or rebellious spirit—good if admitted simply as a condition of humanity. Much is conveyed in the fine line of the poet,—

When is Man strong, until he feels alone?

albeit to court a haughty or cynical isolation is perhaps the most poisonous affectation into which a gifted person can fall. From the time when Genius begins to stir within its human tenement, a feeling of revolt is apt to arise and increase against all the cautions and maxims and observances by which "the many" are governed. To point out why this should be struggled against, not yielded to, is not the present duty. But one reason for toleration may be here advanced: to wit, that a crusade against "Dulness in a gig" (to adopt Mr. Carlyle's vehicle for satire) is a waste of bow and spear. Does any one suppose that Dulness can be dragged into vivacity of fancy, largeness of mind, nobility of aim,—into becoming *Genius* in short. If the "respectability" so perpetually groaned against were stripped from all persons moderately provided with imagination or originality of thought, is it to be assumed, therefore, that Genius would fare the better? Would the great be secure of a more honourable entertainment from the small because the latter were deprived of their sole balance, their distinctive individuality? Would there be no danger of such things as impudent licence, clumsy imitation, or ridiculous fopperies bred of a restless frivolity and impertinent assumption? It is idle—it is *mechanical*—in any person of genius to expect from his contemporaries a mathematically-graduated allowance for his past temptations

and present disturbing influences—to imagine they will strike a balance betwixt his public and his private career, and in gratitude for the favour which he has rendered in the one afford him absolution for faults which he obtrudes in the other. Supreme Wisdom can do this, sympathetic Genius may: but till those railed against for falling short shall prove themselves supremely wise or sympathetically gifted, are they not exposed to a harder injustice from their superiors who denounce them than they show towards those whom they comprehend imperfectly? What right have the strongest, the most high-minded, the most indifferent to conventionalisms to expect renunciation of conformity in established usage on the part of those who are nothing when not conforming? Their own very impatience is worldliness after its kind; a testimony that there is a principle in this "respectability" in which even they believe with trembling,—and from the consequences of which they would escape for their own selfish indulgence. Too much, in short, is said, year by year, book by book, of the sufferings of Genius,—too little of its responsibilities,—too little of its pleasures, which no commonplace censor can take away—too little of its superiority to repayment by "purple and fine linen"—too little of its inherent dignity, to which crown and sceptre can add no state. Let Mind rule Mankind. It must—and it will. We, of all people, can never be accused of ranging ourselves among the shutters-up and the darkeners. We are proud of Genius, but we are as proud for it; ashamed to see it specked and flawed—humbled when it assumes the wallet and the wine of the mendicant—when it appeals against human justice on the plea that it has been ill-nurtured, or is weak, or should have privileges. Inasmuch as we would have it rule, are we held to assert that its supremacy can only be assured when it clothes itself with "the form and the order," the charities—nay, and with the "respectabilities"—which it has been too much the habit to satirize.

These are truths which should be pondered by none more earnestly than by women of genius. How have they risen in the scale of authority and influence in proportion as they have ceased to order their affections after Tom Sheridan's famous principle when advised to "take a wife"! How do they gain in power as artists when they no longer restlessly desire, or in the nervousness of vanity dread, being stared at as "conspicuous"! That there are many social evils which it is Woman's express province to see diminished we have again and again pointed out. Her feelings may be too warm for her to be ever an efficient satirist, but her powers of persuasion are almost without a limit. It becomes of first consequence that their direction should be healthy and simple—their exercise uninfluenced by small personalities. We would have Miss Jewsbury, as a gifted woman,—with a career of activity, literary distinction and social usefulness opening before her,—examine herself closely. We would have her calmly distinguish between random exhibitions of passion and invective such as befit the insane Prophet, and those no less earnest utterances of feeling and sympathy which (implying consideration for all ranks and orders of humanity)—the commonplace as well as the lofty bespeak a Poet of the highest order. It rests with herself to do good service to the wide world of workers and dreamers.

Six Old English Chronicles; of which two are now first Translated from the Monkish Latin Originals, &c. Edited, &c. by J. A. Giles, D.C.L. Bohn.

THIS is a laudable work, on the whole laudably executed, and doing credit to the publisher of

'The Antiquarian Library,'—of which it forms part of the series. The chronicles are those of Ethelwerd, Asser's Life of Alfred (hardly to be called a chronicle), Geoffrey of Monmouth's British History (in truth, a fabulous narrative), Gildas, Nennius, and Richard of Cirencester. They all relate to the real or pretended history of Great Britain anterior to the Conquest; and the first two are those which have been translated by Dr. Giles, and, as he states, had not appeared in our language before. Of the manner in which he has performed this task there is not much to be said; and he only puts in a diffident claim as regards the first to have executed it "as well as he was able," in consequence of the extraordinary barbarism of the style. In the second case he has adopted the Latin text of Mr. Petrie; so that many of the difficulties arising out of the corruptions of time and repeated transcription did not exist.

Dr. Giles is somewhat elaborate in his dissertation upon Geoffrey of Monmouth,—of whom, by the way, he has omitted to remark that Milton made much use in the fragment of a history of England that he has left behind him. This is, in fact, saying more in its favour than Dr. Giles was able to produce from any or every other quarter. With reference to the question of authenticity, it is material to observe that no original has yet been discovered. Some Welsh chronicles have been brought forward, to which, there is no doubt, Geoffrey of Monmouth was in a considerable degree indebted; but all that they prove tends strongly to the conviction, not so much that he was an inventor of all the stories he inserts, as that he incorporated in his narrative every fabulous tradition he could collect, and passed them off upon the Duke of Gloucester, to whom he dedicates his work as genuine history. Dr. Giles enumerates among the arguments in support of its authenticity that the book "met with universal approbation" on its first appearance: but surely this argument proves nothing when we consider the state of society and the degree of information in the twelfth century. Incredible fables and heroidal genealogies would then be received with double satisfaction. We know, too, that as early as the reign of our first Richard, Geoffrey of Monmouth's '*Historia Britonum*' was boldly and destructively attacked by William of Newburgh. There was no translation of it into our language until the reign of George I.; and although subsequent editors have endeavoured to make out as good a case as they could in support of the work upon which they were bestowing their labours, nearly all persons of learning and judgment during the last century have agreed that little or no reliance is to be placed upon the statements in Geoffrey of Monmouth's British History.

It is but fair to Dr. Giles to admit that he does not pretend to stand up for the authenticity of this part of his compilation; and there is no doubt that as a mere early work of fiction, putting its merits upon no higher ground, it is entitled to the place it holds there.—It is decidedly more amusing than any other part of the volume.

Asser's Life of Alfred is rather a piece of biography than a chronicle of public events;—but is extremely valuable. Of late years it has been attacked, as it seems to us on insufficient grounds; and we entertain little doubt that as a whole it is deserving of the credit it has usually obtained.

We know not how Gildas could have been excluded from such a collection,—but his productions are much less interesting than those of any of the others. Dr. Giles seems himself to have been wearied out by him, and has obviously taken less pains with this part of his under-

taking than with the rest. Here we may remark that the notes and illustrations to several of the Chronicles do not appear to have attracted much of the attention or to have exhausted much of the learning of the editor. They are in general too scanty or superficial; and rather indicate that Dr. Giles thought that they would do well enough for the purpose than that they were of a character, strictly speaking, worthy of the subject of his volume.

We hardly know why, but doubts have been thrown upon the period when Nennius wrote his '*Historia Britonum*,' as (like Geoffrey of Monmouth's Chronicle) it has been called. Some have contended for one date and some for another with a pertinacity that is almost ludicrous, recollecting the really trifling importance of the question, and recollecting also that Nennius himself tells us, in so many words, that he penned it "in the 85th of our Lord's incarnation." Even if this assertion could be contradicted, of what possible consequence would it be to establish that he really wrote it twenty or even fifty years earlier or later? To argue such questions seriously is a mere waste of learning and a vain display of ingenuity; and for our parts, we are quite ready to take the word of the author, especially if he could have no sufficient reason for misrepresentation. In the text of Nennius, Dr. Giles professes no more than to have followed the translation of the Rev. W. Gunn, published as recently as the year 1819.

Richard of Cirencester comes last in Dr. Giles's volume, and is also the latest writer in point of time whom it contains. He wrote towards the end of the fourteenth century, and did not die till the commencement of the fifteenth. However, his Chronicle is disfigured quite as much as that of older writers by barbarism, ignorance and credulity. The most curious part of his work consists of a description of the ancient public ways in and through Great Britain under the title of eighteen different *itineræ*, accompanied by a map which was discovered by Prof. Bertram of Copenhagen towards the middle of the last century, and which was printed by Dr. Stukeley in 1757. This map Dr. Giles excludes; observing—"This map, however, as no longer of use in an age when so much light has been thrown on its subject, has been omitted." We are sorry for it, inasmuch as it is the only substantially valuable portion of what is called Richard of Cirencester's Chronicle. We are sure, too, that so much light has not since been thrown upon the subject as to prevent its being still the most curious and interesting record of the kind and age in existence. Dr. Giles's apology looks to us too much like a poor reason for not going to the expense of engraving the map, though it might now be very cheaply and adequately done upon stone. We are aware that there are grave errors in it, and that some parts are not easily to be reconciled with other authorities; but still it has its value, and that not inconsiderable. Mr. J. Y. Akerman thought so when he not long since printed his remarks on it. Moreover, the *itineræ* given in letterpress in the Appendix are hardly intelligible without the map.

SOCIAL ZOOLOGIES.

The Idler upon Town, Stuck-up People, Tuff-hunters and Toadies. By Albert Smith.

A Bowl of Punch. By Albert Smith. Bogue.

ONE of the desiderata of the present age is a science of ethology;—a knowledge of the processes by which character is formed, of the laws which govern its developments, and of a mode of classifying it for the purposes of study and comparison. Mill has projected the bases of such a science, and shown its importance in

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explaining the problems of human progress. That a correct classification of character is possible may be assumed—many of its more salient angles and aspects having already received their distinguishing names. Perhaps no man is thoroughly *sui generis*. The most eccentric beings belong to classes—be they large or small; and have features in common with many others capable of being reduced into a category. The varieties of men, though great, are not infinite; and the natural history of society may one day come to be as well understood, and have its divisions as nicely separated, as that of any other department of science.

Addison and his literary compeers set the fashion of treating social subjects zoologically. A critical observer of mankind may notice many subtle resemblances of character which serve for general identification. Some of the pleasantest papers in the *Spectator*—as every reader knows—are written upon these similarities; and not only have the words by which the writers named them passed into our current language, but the distinctions themselves have become a part of our unconscious ethology. The Flirt, the Jilt, the Salamander, the Hen-pecked—are species of the human animal which every one recognizes without the slightest difficulty. This nomenclature is very useful. Every new demarcation and baptism of distinct genera from the great mass of the non-descript or unclassified is an advance and a convenience. As society progresses, of course new ones appear—or at least fresh varieties; and accordingly our vocabularies have recently been enriched with several appellations of the kind, which have passed into currency. Such, for instance, are 'Toady,' 'Snob,' 'Mooner'—and so forth. As the last-named term, however, is likely to be new to our readers, having put it into circulation we are bound to indorse it with its drawer's illustration.—

"In zoological classification the Mooner evidently belongs to the *Ruminantia*. He lounges and strays about, taking four times the period usually allotted to walk any distance, fiddle-faddling the space of time away in a lamentably unprofitable manner, and finding intense amusement in objects which the Regent Street Idler, or even the Gent, would pass by in contempt. The laying-down of wooden blocks to form a new pavement detains him a sure half-hour. The opening of a water-main or a course of gas-pipes is another riveting spectacle; but the attraction of both these is exceeded by the elevation of a fresh block of stone to the top of an embryo building—which is a process of so absorbing a nature as to make him unmindful of everything else in the world, until it is properly fixed. It is lucky for him that the view of the river has been shut out on the palace-side of Westminster Bridge, or his head would certainly grow between the balustrades whilst he watched the laying of each successive piece of masonry hereafter to form the new Houses of Parliament. The Mooner, like other Idlers, is exceedingly fond of the shops—more especially those where some mechanical performance is going on in the windows. In this respect a cork-cutter's ranks very high; he wonders what the men do with the bits they take off, and how it is they never slice their fingers. He also admires the gratuitous exhibition of natural philosophy afforded by the working of the coffee-shop steam-engine in Rathbone Place, and thinks what a quantity of coffee the people in the neighbourhood must get through, if the mill is obliged to work all day to grind it for them. He is again much gratified at the table-knives and teapots revolving on a bottle-jack in the windows of the cheap ironmongers; which attractive display is only exceeded in interest by a gold-beater's or a paper-stainer's, where the arcana of those trades are displayed to the passers-by; and he especially delights in an exhibition of filters, fountains, and gold fish. If the Mooner patronizes other shop-windows, they are never the usually-frequented ones. He cultivates cheap literature at the second-hand book-stalls; or

otherwise stops at that uninteresting class of shops which only gain our attention when we are loitering about for a coach to arrive or start. Indeed, the Mooner, in his common appearance, has the air of a person perpetually waiting for something that never arrives. We have, however, no right to find fault with his occupation, or rather with his entire want of any, for every man has the privilege of amusing himself in the manner most congenial to his own feelings; but we must object to entering into any conversation with the Mooner. He possesses that diverting property which some people appear to cultivate with such care, of totally losing the point of any anecdote he relates; and strolls and wanders just as much in his conversation as he does in his peregrinations, lingering as long on the way as a Charing Cross omnibus. If you meet him, you cannot mention a word but it puts him in mind of a story that has no connexion at all with the subject in question. But there appears to exist an imaginary link in his brain; and you had better see a friend on the other side of the street 'whom you wish to speak to,' or suffer and be silent until he has concluded."

In describing his animal we cannot but think that Mr. Smith catches the spirit of his own conception; for he takes twelve mortal, and not very amusing, pages to conduct his Mooner on an errand from Charing Cross to Lincoln's Inn,—loitering by the way at a "prodigious" rate, and concluding his account thus:—

"There are various parts of London frequented by the Mooners, where, like roach pitches in the Thames, you are almost certain to find a specimen of the tribe. On fine days they delight to bask in the sun upon the floating piers of the fourpenny steam-boats; and at all times the erection of a new club-house, or foundation of a new lamp-post, is a sure piece of ground-bait to entice them. They collect in great numbers round the Houses of Parliament on favourable afternoons, gazing listlessly at the cabs and led horses of the honourable members; and above all, they love to lean over the parapet of London Bridge, loitering away the hours in watching the bustle of the Pool, the slow progress of the lighters, and the departure of the Gravesend, Woolwich, and Boulogne steamers. The Mooner does not often venture on board these latter craft because, once there, whatever may be the inducement to stop, he must go on—a species of comparative progress which does not at all suit his habits; and for this very reason, he prefers the most obsolete stage-coach to the whisking railway. *Au reste*, the Mooner is a harmless being; not susceptible of any extreme pleasure; but, on the other hand, equally insensible with regard to extreme discomfort. He dawdles through life as he does in the excursion we have just described; and when he dies, goes to the grave in the same loitering manner, almost regretting that he cannot attend his own funeral, to watch it pass, and afterwards go with it into the cemetery and read all the tombstones."

The demarcations of the Idler or Lounger do not strike us as happy—nor is there anything of novelty in the names. The same objection lies against 'Stuck-up People'—though their natural history contains some pleasant gossiping writing; scarcely, however, of the kind which tells in extract. A paragraph will explain the leading peculiarities of the race: all the "concomitants" may be readily imagined.—

"The head of the family, whose natural history we are about to put forth, is Mr. Spangle Lacquer. He is reported to have made a great deal of money somehow or another, but in what precise way is not known: and he has passed through the three degrees of comparison appropriated to commercial wealth, in the stages of shopkeeper, tradesman and merchant. He prefers an uncomfortable house at an enormous rent in the Hyde Park division of the Blue Book to any of the most eligible mansions he could command for half the sum in a less fashionable part of the town, because stylish persons live there, and he may be taken for one of them. Mrs. Spangle Lacquer is a very fine lady. She dresses by the fashion-books, believing *berthe* and birth to be words of equal worth in the world, and has reserved seats at all fashionable morning concerts: indeed were she not to be seen at M. Benedict's, she would not hold up her head for

the season afterwards. She has also a pew in a very fashionable church, where religion is made a medium for the display of bonnets in the interior and liveries at the doors: and where some theological partizanship is supported by the clergyman, who puts on a black robe when he ought to wear a white one; or turns one way when he reads instead of another; or has an altar built out from the wall instead of into it; or performs other antics so well calculated to shake the faith of all in our sublime national creed, when they see that upon such almost contemptible points does its holy purity appear to depend. The young lady Lacquers are immature daguerrotypes of their mother. Their names are Emily and Elizabeth, which they spell, at the end of notes, 'Emilie' and 'Bessie.' They talk much of the Opera and 'the Gardens' during the season; and never go out shopping without a page at their heels, except when in their carriage."

'The Bowl of Punch' is intended as a companion to 'The Wassail Bowl'; but receives its special designation from the fact of some of its contents having appeared, long ago, in our contemporary of that name. It is a collection of odds and ends, shreds and patches, old and new; some funny, others dreary—and the majority both. A seeming paradox this—yet intelligible enough. Nothing is so dull as a forced and attenuated joke.—We may give our readers, by the way, the author's own joke-meter; an instrument which we are assured is sufficient to guide any one in judging of the precise merit of any piece of pleasantry that he may hear.

First Rate	40	After a deep and patient research, the possibility of finding a joke of this species has been given up in despair. They have vanished from the earth.
Very Fair	35	At a late supper economy was the order of the day. Somebody wondered to see the fowls go begging, at which somebody else said that the fowls might well go begging, since they were so very poor.
Smart	30	On the Marquis of Blandford first taking his seat for Woodstock, Mr. Hume said, in allusion to his youth, that he looked as if he had not sown his wild oats. The other replied with great quickness, "Then I am come to the proper place, where there is a goose to pick them up."
Passable	25	Mr. T. Duncombe is puzzled to tell which is the most difficult—to live <i>within</i> his income, or <i>without</i> it.
Temperate	20	When Jenny Lind heard that Barroni was to sing second to her in the Norma duet, she said "Second, indeed! before she tries a second, I would advise her to learn to sing first." Mr. Lumley, on hearing this, was angry.
Mild	15	"Of all the plagues by authors cursed," Says Morton, "sure the very worst is to th' assembled mimic crowd." "Your last new farce to read aloud." "That may be bad," sly Keeley said, "But worse to sit and hear it read."
Shy	10	Mr. Cooper, at a party the other night, being much pressed to sing, when he did not wish it, having the influenza, observed "that they wished to make a <i>buff</i> of him." "By no means, my dear fellow," rejoined a bystander, "we only want to get a <i>stare</i> out of you."
Dummy	5	The joke of a Sanitary Commissioner, who, upon being appealed to on behalf of the distressed needlewomen, said "He had been quite worried enough with the <i>scissors</i> already."
Joe Miller, or Zero.	0	The worst specimen of this class is the venerable joke of the gentleman who, passing along the street, was told by his friend that he had kicked the bucket. "No," exclaimed he, being a wag; "I only turned a little <i>pale</i> ."

The wit and cleverness of this are not very alarming, it must be confessed. There is, however, some flavour in this bowl:—if not in the spirit, then in the mixing. Take as a sample the following domestic recipes:—

"To keep Currant Wine for any time.—Bottle off and stack in bins as usual. Then, at the head of each bin place a decanter of port, which kept filled, as it will evaporate quickly. And as long as there is any port your currant wine will be preserved admirably.

"To make a Seedy Cake.—Procure some common

dough, the size of a quatern loaf. Put in half a pound of plums, two small bits of citron and a teaspoonful of moist sugar. Bake as usual, and keep until quite stale. It will be a very seedy cake.

"A Chicken Stew."—Shut up the door of the hen-roost, and throw in lighted fireworks. It is soon accomplished.

"To Roast a Pike."—Go to the toll-house on Waterloo Bridge, and chaff the toll-keeper respecting that valuable property. You can dish him at the same time by riding through behind a coach.

"To make a Twelfth Cake."—Having manufactured eleven in any manner you please, make another, and you will have a twelfth cake.

"To preserve Dates."—The surest way is to write them down in a book before you forget them.

"Oyster Sauce for Taverns."—Take a go of thin gruel. Heat it in a saucepan, and then add three raw oysters. Serve in a butter-boat, and garnish with a few blacks.

"To keep away Chaps."—Very plain cooks, in common with other female attendants, are recommended for this purpose. You will not then be much troubled with them.

"To prevent Beer from being turned by Thunder."—Having ascertained that it is perfectly good, draw off entirely in pint-pots. Then having collected an equal number of railway navigators, distribute accordingly. This will answer in the hottest summer.

Such as these specimens are, if our readers have relish for more of the same the 'Bowl' is cheap, and due diligence might be rewarded with the discovery of "passages to match."

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Memoirs of Marie Von Arnhem. Written by herself. Translated from the original manuscript.—From what original? and in what language?—are questions naturally enough suggested by the above title. There is no need, however, for us to answer them; since, whether the tale be of English or foreign origin, it excites a very strong interest. The invention, though strained, is not complicated. A happy family circle is destroyed by the return home of a long-absent sister; who proves as selfish, vulgar and intriguing as the rest of her relations are generous, refined and truthful. So intolerably does the wicked Barbara traverse the pleasures and purposes of those round her by tyranny, envy and suspicion, that we are led to understand how the terrible irritation of Marie precipitates her into the crime confessed, and shudder rather than wonder at her ridding the world of such an incubus. By this it may be seen that the author's power is great. But, also, it is greater in depicting retribution than temptation. From the time of Barbara's disappearance the reader's feelings are harrowed without intermission till the curtain falls on the afflicted narrator of her agonies. We are glad to leave the scene of such wretchedness so powerfully described. The effect intended is to the fullest produced:—but was it worth producing?

Laneton Parsonage. Edited by the Rev. W. Sewell. Second Part.—We now owe something like a library to Mr. Sewell's editorial industry,—a library of smooth-sounding and well-composed reading; only on the one hand too full of wire-drawn anatomies of conscience, and on the other of those implicit canons of obedience which confuse submission and grimace,—to be accredited as healthy or improving. This second part of 'Laneton Parsonage' shows us the interior of a boarding-school and a damsel who, aiming at high reputation and predominance there, is nevertheless tempted into circumstantial disobedience, and allows herself to be screened while other less-approved comrades are suspected. We need not again repeat why we consider this manner of invention calculated to do harm in proportion as it is cleverly wrought out.

The Life of a Fox-hound. By John Mills. With seven illustrations on steel.—This is really the talk of a fox-hound's master; therefore not to be classed with 'Chrysal' and other old-fashioned novels, nor with the modern grotesques in which Andersen shows us how the world appears to the eye of a Darning-needle, or inspirits us by depicting the constancy of a Tin Soldier. Treated satirically, the experiences of a brute minister to manly sport would furnish

matter for a Swift's vitriolic sarcasm or a Hood's more gracious railleury. Such a tone, however, was not to be expected from Mr. Mills,—who allows his Fox-hound to talk about articles in the *Sporting Magazine*, and to quote Liebig upon "the lungs and the skin," &c. &c. This spoils the book as an imaginary narrative; but the writer seems himself to have become tired of it, cutting it short abruptly on the frankly urged plea of "want of material."

Manual of Arithmetic (second edition), and *Text-book of Arithmetic.* By the Rev. J. Hunter.—The first of these is a collection of examples,—the second is a demonstrative system, applied chiefly to commerce. The author is Vice-Principal of the National Society's Training College at Battersea: and it is fortunate for that College and for its objects that it possesses among its rulers an arithmetician who can write so good a system. Demonstrative works on arithmetic are now becoming comparatively common—and it is not exactly in our way to deal critically with the differences between them. We are, nevertheless, glad to notice them as they appear, and to repeat from time to time our confident expectation that arithmetic will ere long be universally made a discipline for the mind, and cease to be nothing more than a routine of mechanical operations. We can recommend this book also as the work of a writer who has attended to the history of arithmetic, and gives continual proof that he has done so.

Hyvälys—its Usage and Sense in Holy Scripture. By Herman Heinfetter.—This is the production of an industrious, but by no means clear-headed man. Its usefulness is marred by its obscurity.

A Stratigraphical List of British Fossils. By James Tennant, F.G.S.—This will be found a very useful work to the student of geology. It contains a very complete list of all the fossils found in Great Britain arranged according to their position in the various strata of the earth. Each of the lists is preceded by a short account of the formation in which they occur; and a catalogue of all the published works and papers on the formation are given at the same time. Few large volumes contain a greater amount of useful information than this unpretending little one. We must confess, however, that on turning to the title-page we are at a loss to discover on what principle this work has been published for the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. Not that we think less of the book for this; but we would wish to draw attention to the fact that many of our societies under the name of Religion are obtaining subscriptions to publish works which not only do not in any way promote the object that these societies profess to have in view, but deprive the legitimate publisher of his business and throw upon the market inferior articles.

Loss and Gain.—Loss of time on the part of the writer generally implies the same for the reader. Unluckily, "gain" is not so equably distributed; since we read of works at their sixth editions which ought only to be found at their six-hundredth trunk! Here we have another tale of a convert to the Church of Rome, feeble, flippant, and farcical [*vide p. 368*]. The world's gain would be great were this the last of its silly and sickly family.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Arnold's (Rev. T. K.) English Grammar, 4th ed. 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.
Blanc's (L.) History of Ten Years, 1830-1840, 2 vols. 8vo. 25s. cl.
Book of Trades (The), 8th ed. 179 engravings, square, 4s. 6d. cl. gilt.
Conington's (J.) Agramemnon of Eschylus, Greek and English, 7s. 6d.
Cust's (Hon. Sir E.) Sunday Night Readings, 8vo. 15s. cl.
De Lamarque's History of the Girondists, Vol. III. 2s. 6d. (Bohn).
Donbaid and Son, Portraits to illustrate, 8vo. 2s. 6d.
Donaldson's (J. W.) Antigone of Sophocles, Greek and English, 9s.
Emily Vernon; or, Self Sacrifice, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.
Enthusiasm not Religion, by the late M. A. C. C. fvo. 8s. cl.
Female Visitor to the Poor, new ed. plates, fvo. 4s. 6d. cl.
Foster's (J.) Lectures at Bristol, First Series, 3rd ed. fvo. 6s. cl.
Guide to Government Situations, 7th ed. 18mo. 2s. cl.
Heaton's (W.) Flowers of Calder Dale, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Hand-Book of Angling, by Ephemerus, 2nd ed. fvo. 9s. cl.
Hicks's (W. P.) Church of England Family Devotion, Crown 8vo. 6s.
History of Europe during the Middle Ages, 4to. 21s. cl. (Ency. Met.).
Histoire de France, par A. Roche et Ph. Charles, 2 vols. 8vo. 15s.
James's (J. A.) Family Monitor, 9th ed. fvo. 4s. 6d. cl.
Keeble's (Rev. J.) Academic and Occasional Sermons, 2nd ed. 12s.
Kennedy's (E. C.) On Lunatic Asylums, 3s. 6d. cl.
Kennedy's (Dr. B. H.) Latin Vocabulary, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Lytt's (J.) Living Sacrifice, a Memoir of Sarah Bentley, 18mo. 1s. cl.
Newman's Gospel of Christ the Power of God, fvo. 4s. cl.
Peiper's (W.) Method for Study of German Language, 8vo. 5s. 6d. bds.
Pelle's (Rev. Dr.) Annotations on 1 Corinthians, 8vo. 7s. cl.
Pincock's History of England made Easy, new ed. 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Rienzi, Three Portraits to illustrate, 8vo. 1s. 6d.
Ruff's Guide to the Turf, Spring Edition for 1848, fvo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Sauter's Servant's Claim upon the Christian Master, fvo. 1s. cl.
Specimens of Swedish and German Poetry, trans. by Biehnau, 12s. cl.
Stewart's (J.) Memoirs of Lord Mansfield, 8vo. 4s. cl.
Taylor's (H.) Notes from Luke, 2nd ed. poly. 8vo. 6s. cl.
Tolhausen's (A.) Klopstock, Lessing, and Wieland, 8vo. 5s. cl.
Webb's (Mrs.) Naomi, new ed. with Views of Jerusalem, fvo. 7s. 6d. cl.
Williams's (S. W.) Middle Kingdom, 2 vols. crown 8vo. 21s. hf-mor.

THOUGHTS FOR THE TIME.

Distress without Dignity.

Though sorrow even in gayest music sighs,
And shadows dream above the brightest sea,
Well may we mourn o'er those who manfully
Wrestle with life's dull cares and strangling ties
And burdens that forbid the soul to rise
To the celestial mansions of the Free.
But 'tis with scorn an aged king we see,
Whom neither time nor tempest maketh wise,
Fearing and trusting nought—content to drive
His gilded bark through breakers, hour by hour,
With but Corruption at the prow to strive
Against the wind, the thunder, and the shower—
Wrecked but not lost; cast upon shore alive,
To boast his perils past or plot for future power!

Shelter without Sympathy.

O easy Tomb! upon whose pillow cold
So many an aching brain is blest to sleep,
Hast thou such chastisement in silence deep
For one without a friend, in cunning old
Consumed by care,—whose heart's most secret fold
Doth some remembered wile or treason steep,
Whose dazzled eyes—adroit at will to weep—
Still knew not chain from crown or dross from gold!
Shame!—for an age like this to jeopardize
An ancient name,—a trusting nation's worth!
Oh! strip compassion of all mean disguise;
Deem him as dead upon our bloomy earth
Who feared like man to gird him and arise—
With Truth's and Freedom's host towards Honour
go forth! H. F. C.

GOSSIP ABOUT NELL GWYNN AND THE "MATCHLESS JENNINGS."

Mrs. Hall's account of Nell Gwynn, to which you have already alluded in your last publication [*see ante*, p. 268], is founded on a visit to Sandford Manor House, one of the "shrines"—as Mrs. Hall calls them—to which her pilgrimages are made. Now, Johnson defines a "shrine" to be "a case in which something sacred is deposited:—are the Chelsea lodgings of Nell Gwynn to be so regarded? Again:—on what authority does Mrs. Hall aver that Sandford Manor House is the dwelling where *there is no doubt* that Nell Gwynn spent many summer months? Can it be on that of Mr. Hill, the Brompton rat-catcher; whose twaddle about the "royal property" it was a pity to insert and very desirable to disavow? If not, I am bound to say that, having examined several writers with a view to this subject, it seems to me that—so far from there being "no doubt,"—there is every doubt, arising alike from uncertainty and from assumption. The only contemporary authority with which I have met is not cited by Mrs. Hall; and I give it because it does afford a presumption that her heroine had been a resident in the neighbourhood—or perhaps merely visited her mother there. It is a passage from the *Domestic Intelligencer* of August 5, 1679—as follows:—"We hear that Madam Ellen Gwynn's mother, sitting lately by the water-side at her house by the nest house near Chelsea, fell accidentally into the water and was drowned." This is sufficiently vague, I admit; but suggestive of more water and a very different death-bed than that pond in the garden of which tradition-led, Mrs. Hall went in search. As for the house built, "it is said," by Sir Christopher Wren—and the mulberry-trees planted, "it is said," by the Royal hands—these statements appear to me to want alike the grace of truth and the charms of fiction. Further:—with respect to the paragraph "She never bestowed much time upon her toilet; and Burnet, who was particularly hard upon her at all times, [?] says, that after her 'elevation' she continued to hang on her clothes with the same slovenly negligence,"—Mrs. Hall must excuse me if I state that I think she has copied the error of a modern writer and quoted it, inadvertently, as Bishop Burnet's! I do not affirm that the statement generally does not belong to the Bishop (Mrs. Hall having of course, seen it), or that the word "elevation" in particular was not used by him; but I cannot find such a passage. Those who quoted it, of course, very readily can. I believe, however, that Granger has been mistaken for Burnet. Then—"Burnet was marvellously angry [?] that at such a time [that of the King's death] the thought of such a 'creature' should find its way." I must be allowed to observe, that to be "marvellously angry" was at such a time the

bishop's duty, as I should understand it. I do not, however, find that he was so: and so far from the word "creature" being his, the whole of this statement seems measured and kind. But, as I have said, a quotation impugned can be produced.

I must add that, whatever were the services of Nell Gwynn to Chelsea Hospital, it is not fair to omit all mention of those of Sir Stephen Fox; which, should Mrs. Hall's Pilgrimages extend to the dignity of an octavo volume, it would be as well to consider. As for the "Matchless Jennings," how far such a term can be applicable to one who was at best an intellectual coquette—indifferent to opinion and virtuous upon a calculation—is a question which I leave, as Mrs. Ellis would say, to be decided by the "Mothers," "Daughters" and "Maiden Aunts" of England.

Let me further add, that the date of Nell Gwynn's death should be 1687, not 1691,—as your correspondent of last week has already observed; that is, if Dr. Tenison preached her funeral sermon in the year in which she was buried—which it seems reasonable to suppose.

S. H.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Florence, Feb. 11.

I have just returned from hearing a *Te Deum* celebrated at the Cathedral in honour of the establishment of the representative system of government in the Sardinian dominions. The enthusiasm of the Florentines upon the occasion was infinitely increased by the appearance on the same morning of a sovereign decree, or "motu proprio" as it is called here, in right despotic style, promising the same to the Tuscans in a few days. Every one is in an effervescence of joy and thankfulness. A few timid cravens shake their heads and inquire, "What will Austria say to it all?" But the general notion is that she will, in the words of a somewhat vulgar proverb, need all her breath to cool her own porridge,—which is, in truth, becoming desperately hot in Lombardy. Meanwhile, we have now all the rest of Italy, with the exception of the realms ruled by those mighty potentates the Dukes of Modena and Parma, quietly and peaceably,—if we overlook a little bloodshed in Palermo—revolutionized and set free. At least, it must be felt that Charles I. and Louis XVI. have not died in vain.

The ceremony this afternoon at the Cathedral was really very "effective"—to use a term borrowed from the language of the theatre, which is that ordinarily most adapted to demonstrations of this sort. A certain quantum of warm-blooded enthusiasm is needed to save such exhibitions from degenerating into mere ceremonial,—empty sentiment and mock-heralds. But really, the genuine excitement of the vast mass of the people who literally crammed the immense church on this occasion could not fail to communicate its warmth to the most phlegmatic. And when the united voices of the assembled thousands made the sombre old vaults ring again with the chant which expressed the sentiments of the citizens spontaneously congregated for the manifestation of their own free opinions, the mind could hardly fail to travel back to the old days of the republic and the sturdy independence of that vigorous race whose character and social system have so indelibly stamped their impress on the civic and domestic architecture of the fair city. At the conclusion of the ecclesiastical service, a military band stationed under the huge dome—the largest in the world, being some few feet in diameter more than that of St. Peter's at Rome—struck up a quick march. Again, though such sounds may have seemed incongruous with the nature of the place, the effect was undeniably fine; and the glad burst of a people's joyousness for so righteous a cause must have sent the blood in a warmer gush to the cheeks of every person there.

I could not write from Florence at this conjuncture without telling our English friends of this little *fête* in honour of another step forwards in the career of Italian regeneration. But my intention in taking up my pen was to give the readers of the *Athenæum* some little account of the new race of Tuscan journals which the improved law of the press in this country has called into sudden existence. The periodical press of Italy presents at this moment a very interesting spectacle. It has sprung into life with a promptitude and vigour that strikingly indicate the violence

of the compressing force which heretofore kept it down. It has flashed intellectual light through the Peninsula with a startling suddenness that recalls to the mind the magnificent declaration of the physical operation of Omnipotence, "Let there be light, and there was light." A moment's consideration of the nature of the periodical press in England or in France—of its office, its importance, its operation, and its influence—will in some degree enable one to conceive the extent of the void in a social system unprovided with anything of the kind. A further retrospective glance given to the gradual progress of our own periodical literature will show that it is, even in favourable soils, not generally one of the fastest grown products of civilization.

Bearing all this in mind, I cannot but think that the present newspaper literature of Italy is a very striking phenomenon,—and very strongly encouraging as to the place which the youthful free nations of the Peninsula may be expected to take among the more civilized people of Europe. It must be remembered that twelve months ago there did not exist in Tuscany a single publication worthy of the name or office of a newspaper. The one or two meagre sheets which each week produced were filled with government announcements—a little attempt at dramatic criticism, always mere panegyric—a few sonnets and conundrums—and price-currents. There are now published in Florence three daily papers and seven either weekly or half-weekly.

La Patria is entitled to the first place among them on the ground of character, information and influence. It was not the first in the new field opened by the amended laws of the press,—having been preceded by its rival in all honourable and friendly emulation, the *Alba*. I believe that the latter has still the larger circulation,—though the gradually increasing sale of *La Patria* has latterly nearly, if not quite, overtaken it. *La Patria* started with eight hundred subscribers,—and has now between two thousand and two thousand five hundred. The principal if not sole proprietor is the Marchese Ricasoli,—the present Gonfaloniere of Florence, and one of the most respected and respectable of the old Florentine nobility. The paper is conducted by Signori Salvagnoli, Lambruschini, and Massari. The first is an advocate, *facile princeps*, of the bar of Florence,—a very able and singularly eloquent man. The articles in *La Patria* are always signed with the name of the writer, except in the case of such as set forth the opinion held by the journal in matters involving important principles,—which are signed "La Direzione." But it is rarely necessary for the readers of *La Patria* to cast their eyes to the bottom of Salvagnoli's articles in order to know whose production they are reading. There are a vigour, a terseness, and a closeness of argumentation in his writings which unmistakably mark his style and make him a most valuable writer for the business of educating the infant public mind now forming in Italy. The qualities of style which I have mentioned are especially rare in Italian writers of the present day; whose most prominent and general fault, perhaps, is a tendency to diffuse wishy-washy verbiage,—the very natural consequence of the habit of writing with the view principally of saying nothing. In Salvagnoli a profound knowledge of the history of his own country and a very competent acquaintance with the political system and growth of the constitutional governments of Europe, as well as with the writings of our best constitutional lawyers and political economists, combine with the qualities of his style to render him a most able and influential journalist; and will, in all probability, make him one of the leading men in the new Tuscan House of Commons.

Lambruschini is in many respects a remarkable man. He is a priest, of noble Genoese family, and nephew of the Cardinal of the same name who was Gregory XVI.'s friend and minister,—who was thought to have had the best chance of succeeding him on the Papal throne, and has been ever since understood to be the leader of the Austrian or retrograde party in the sacred college. A very different man in all respects from his Cardinal uncle is Raffaello Lambruschini. Holding opinions diametrically opposed to those which would have pushed his fortunes at Rome under the auspices of his powerful relative, he remained a simple unbefitted priest,—and for many years kept a school, which

enjoyed the highest reputation of any in Tuscany, at Figline, a country village some twenty miles distant from Florence. This he had given up, in consequence of uncertain health, some little time before the recent dawn of a new era in Tuscany; and found himself, therefore, at the time of the establishment of *La Patria*, at leisure to take part in an undertaking so well calculated to advance the cause which engaged all his warmest hopes and sympathies. His articles in the paper are generally on topics of grave and permanent importance; and are ever thoughtful, calm, and philosophical,—though perhaps rather didactic than argumentative. In a recent number of *La Patria*, now before me, there is an admirable article from his pen on the question, whether in the constitution to be shortly given to Tuscany it should be declared that "the Catholic religion is the sole religion of the state." I cannot refrain from quoting for the behoof of your readers the concluding words in which this Roman Catholic priest sums up his opinion of state protection for religion.—"A tariff which forbids the exportation of food prepares the way for famine; and the power which forbids the profession of any other than a certain given religion, or which discountenances in any way such as do not profess it, makes men irreligious. * * * It is my earnest prayer, preferred from no philosophic pride but from Catholic faith and zeal, that in the statutes of the Constitution no mention should be made of any 'religion of the State,'—a subject of which the State can know nothing. It will be for the laws to punish outrages against Religion, and to defend the free profession of it according to the dictates of each man's conscience."

Massari, the third of the editorial triumvirate, is a Neapolitan, exiled from his country for the last ten years,—but by the recent amnesty permitted to return. He is a facile and animated writer; dealing for the most part rather with facts, while his elder colleagues discuss theories and evolve principles.

Another stranger from the south, a Sicilian, the Marchese Busaca, deserves to be mentioned as a contributor from whose pen *La Patria* has derived many excellent papers, chiefly on topics of political economy. Such is the *personnel* of *La Patria*; a paper which I cannot but think does very great credit to the city that produces it, and yet more to that city that buys and reads it—for *La Patria* would be called a "heavy" paper in England. Such a paper could only circulate among earnest thinkers, anxious for instruction and enlightenment. It is wholly destitute of those lighter features which would in either France or England be thought so necessary to ensure popularity and sale. No horrid murders, no singular accidents, no piquant rivalry and quarrelling with other prints, no police-court reports, no excitement of ultra-violent politics, not even the interest arising from an active collecting and eager publication of news and rumours. During a time especially rife with all sorts of flying reports of the most exciting kind, *La Patria* has been most exemplarily sober in receiving or propagating them. Again I say that the circulation of a daily paper of such a description to the extent of between two and three thousand copies in so limited a population augurs well for the often-questioned fitness of this people for the political franchises now at length bestowed upon them.

The *Alba* is an excellent and highly talented paper, full of spirited and vigorous writing, characterized by honest frankness and uncompromising boldness. It is, of course, wholly liberal—perhaps a shade or two more violent in its politics than the more staid and philosophic *Patria*; and it is edited by a young priest (!) named Atto Vannucci. It was directed and almost wholly written by La Farina, a Sicilian, well known by various historical compilations—a writer of great facility and some eloquence, but not very profound. He has lately returned to his country. Altogether the *Alba* is a paper of a more popular character than its rival *La Patria*. It is written by younger men, and has all the appearance of being so. It has never exercised a similar discretion as to accrediting and spreading unauthenticated and dubious news; and has accordingly often found itself under the necessity of contradicting its yesterday's assertions.

The *Gazzetta di Firenze*—the third of our daily papers—is the official organ of the government. Of

the editor, Pedani, there is little to be said. He is assisted by the Abate Casali of San Marino,—a liberal man and a good writer.

The *Rivista* is published twice a week. It is conducted by a junta of five, all young men,—and it represents what our neighbours called the "extrême gauche." Cennini, son of the minister, is one of its editors. It is not without talent by any means; but as compared with either the *Patria* or *Alba* it is wholly unimportant.

Il *Giornale Militare*, published weekly, is what its title indicates. In its politics it is liberal.

The same may be said of the *Commercio* and of the *Avvenire*, both old papers;—of which the latter used to be called the *Bicoglitor* till new times admonished it to change its name on the "tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis" principle.

The *Giornale per Popolani* and the *Popolano* are both small weekly sheets, published at a very low price, and addressed exclusively to the people. But the two are of very different character. The latter strives to amuse and attract its public by matter often objectionable, rarely useful. It is evident that it is merely a commercial speculation,—and I should think an unsuccessful one.

The *Giornale per Popolani*, on the other hand, is excellently and skilfully adapted to the purpose of instructing and educating as well as amusing its humble readers. The name of its editor, Signor Thouar, long favourably known in Tuscany by his varied and persevering exertions in the cause of popular education, is here a sufficient guarantee for the scope and tendency of the work. It is pleasing to be able to add, as another indication of the temper of the Florentine public, that its circulation is much larger than that of its less laudable rival.

Lastly, the *Philocalico*, edited by an ancient canon of the cathedral named Silvestri, is our only retrograde—or, as we here say, *oscurantista*—journal. Until special inquiries, made with the view of writing this letter, revealed its existence to me, I had never heard of it. And I should think that the great bulk of the Florentine public are in the same happy state of ignorance.

Besides these papers published in the capital, Tuscany supports the *Corriere Livornese* of Leghorn, *Il Popolo* of Siena, and *L'Italia* of Pisa; all liberal, well edited and well supported papers. The latter, under the direction of Profs. Montanelli and Marco Tabarini, and published three times a week, is remarkable as being the organ of what may be called the Church-liberal party; and represents the opinion of those who wish to make the present movement in Italy essentially a religious as well as a political one, and who look to the liberal Pope and to the Church—which they hope to see liberalized as to its temporal sympathies—as the captain and leaders of Italian progress and civilization.

Truly, I think it must be admitted that we have here a goodly crop as the produce of only a few months' freedom from a crushing censorship. But before concluding this somewhat too long letter, I must not omit one or two names of writers actually engaged in contributing to the formation and education of the public mind through the columns of the daily press, though they do not belong to the staff of any journal. The Advocate Ricci, a talented and enlightened man, and Centofanti of Pisa, well known by his social and political writings, are both active contributors to various journals. Above all must not be forgotten Paolo Emiliano Giudici of Palermo, an enlightened politician, a vigorous and original thinker, and an indefatigable writer. His recently published 'History of Italian Literature' has had a success in the Peninsula such as no work has equalled for some time; and I venture to predict that, slow as we are to interest ourselves about new names in foreign literature, the name of Giudici will not remain unknown in London, if, as is most probable, it is nearly so at present.

A dinner was given here the other day by the Florentines to the Sicilians in Florence in celebration of the newly granted Neapolitan constitution;—and on that occasion Giudici was publicly requested to undertake to write a history of the recent struggle in Sicily. All sorts of documents have been promised him by the newly installed Government at Naples, as well as by the Palermitan leaders; and a volume

which can hardly fail of being a very interesting one will be the result.

Having thus been led to mention the new Government at Naples, I may conclude my letter by observing that Bozzelli, the Minister of the Interior, is a brother of our guild,—having long since received the printers'-ink baptism. Besides other smaller matters, he is the author of a very learned and deeply thoughtful book on 'Tragic Imitation,' in three volumes, published some ten years since at Naples.

THE FIRST SNOWDROP.

One long in populous cities pent,
Forgetting Nature's genial power,
May find a thousand memories blent,
A thousand gracious movements lent,
Even in a single flower.

On the bleak hill-side, beneath bare boughs,
The hoarse cry of the rooks I hear;
The babbling rannel freshly flows,
The Spring wind strikes upon my brows,
And time runs back for many a year!

My soul's high thoughts that cold spring day
When ye did queen it in the grass,
Come back again in long array,
And fill me with a stern dismay,
Like mocking spectres as they pass.

Ah me! the time that is and was!
Not night from morn more different seems!
Thou hold'st, fair flower, a magic glass
That shows the gulph I cannot pass
Except, as now, in weeping dreams.

H. F.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

We have from time to time called attention to the subject of the endowments for educational purposes which exist in all parts of the country,—with a view to aid in any movement that we may have seen making to revive and render them more available to the wants and interests of the present time. When we state that in England and Wales there are more than 420 of these ancient foundations,—having revenues amounting probably to four or five times the entire sum granted by government for educational purposes even now,—the importance of assisting by every legal and warrantable means to make them more available for the great work of public instruction will be at once understood. At present, most of these institutions are in a state of complete inefficiency. For the greater part, their administration is in the hands of private, local, and irresponsible trustees; who neglect, or put a very narrow interpretation on, the letter of their duties. In not a few instances the advantages of gratuitous schooling which they afford have been appropriated by classes for which the original deviser had no intention of providing,—and as a consequence the contemplated objects of his charity are excluded. Our readers are aware that parliamentary commissioners have investigated the affairs of these institutions; but the evidence collected was incomplete, and nothing has followed on the inquiry—as too often happens in cases where organized corruption exists and no particular individual has an interest in putting it down. Sooner or later, however, there must be a new and more searching inquiry into these endowments. It is in the highest degree inexpedient to permit such educational resources to be misapplied any longer. In the meantime, a correspondent of the *Daily News* suggests the appointment of auditors to inspect and publish the pecuniary accounts of all such schools. This would make known at once the extent of their resources and the precise way in which those resources are employed, and place the management under the safe control of public opinion. We believe, too, that it is within the competency of the Lord Chancellor, as appellate trustee to all charities, to nominate inspectors to examine into, and report upon, the state of learning, discipline, and so forth, in these institutions,—and to offer suggestions in cases where improvements are most desirable or abuses most flagrant. If this were done, there would be no difficulty in bringing such report before the Council on Education, the press, and the public.

The lectures at the Royal College of Physicians will commence on Wednesday next,—and be continued on the following Wednesdays and Fridays. The Lumenian Lectures will be delivered by Dr. James Arthur Wilson,—the subject, 'Pain, its Vari-

ties and Treatment,'—on that day, the 24th and 29th inst.; the Croonian Lectures by Dr. Conolly,—'On Insanity, in its Medical and Social Relations,'—on the 31st inst. and the 5th and 7th of April; and the Lectures on Materia Medica, by Dr. Golding Bird,—'On the Influence of recent Researches in Organic Chemistry on Therapeutics, especially in relation to the Depuration of the Blood,'—on the 12th, 14th, and 19th of April, and the 3rd, 5th and 10th of May.

The annual general meeting of the Booksellers' Provident Institution was held on the 9th inst.; and the Report for the year 1847 disclosed, we are happy to say, a prosperous condition of the establishment. Notwithstanding a liberal application of the fund to the necessities of those who are its object, the former is rapidly increasing. During the comparatively short period which has elapsed since the Directors were empowered to grant assistance, the sum of nearly 1,300*l.* has been so distributed; while the whole of the expenses connected with the institution since it was formed in 1837 have not averaged more than 80*l.* per annum. The number of members now on the books is 476; and upwards of 1,000*l.* has been added to the Permanent Fund during the past year.

We have received from Scotland an earnest appeal on behalf of the destitute widow and orphans of William Thom the Inverury poet; who, after years of the fever that waits upon hopes injudiciously raised and coldly disappointed, returned not many months ago to the Hawkhill of Dundee,—round which, to use his own touching language, his thoughts had still lingered "like a bird that flutters round her forsaken nest"—but returned only to die. "He has left behind him," says a writer, announcing his death, "something more than a name,—some true and beautiful strains,—which, as 'a thing of beauty is a joy for ever,' the world will not willingly suffer, like the inscription on the coffin, to be buried in the tomb. He has left behind him, alas! something of yet tenderer and more mournful interest,—a widow and three children,—the eldest of whom is only four years and the youngest but a few months old." We cannot say that Thom's poetry was of the order which establishes a plain claim; but taken in connexion with his story, we think there is an unquestionable claim for his wife and family somewhere. Their sad condition demands some more substantial expression of that sentimental sympathy which mocked the habitual poverty of the poet's home with the luxuries of a public banquet, and set up his lowly household gods for a vain act of overstrained and momentary homage. "His death," says our correspondent, "has been hastened by the neglect into which he latterly fell as contrasted with the undue amount of adulation which temporarily surrounded him in the south,—and which at the time you so justly and emphatically condemned." On the occasion of the banquet offered to Thom at the Crown and Anchor Tavern in 1845, we wrote as follows:—

This seems to us to be a very serious mistake. There is nothing whatever in Thom's case to justify such a demonstration,—though much to deserve sympathy. It puts him quite in a false position; is an expression of good-will singularly unmeaning and inappropriate in itself, and to him useless and dangerous. What is the use of putting the poor, struggling, and worthy man on a pedestal like this, as if he had done some great thing or represented some unheard-of form of suffering?—feasting him, whose manly fight has been, and must be, to get a loaf for his children, at a grand dinner, as if to contrast his long suffering and lowly estate with this luxury and mock-heroic of a night. Really that characteristic form of celebration to which John Bull is accused of resorting on occasions of all kinds, with an indiscriminate which constitutes it a satire against him, would, but for that indiscriminate, seem to have been expressly selected on the present occasion as a pleasant, in reference to facts too sad in themselves to bear the application of a merry comment. No good will come out of a show-sentimentality like this to the general form of misery of which Thom's case is the type. And, with all consistent respect for the man, we do not see Thom's title to this display, even if it were wholesome in his circumstances. To be poor is not a title—God knows it—to be an honest, enduring, humble-hearted man, is not one either (all honour to the patient and suffering class to which he belongs, it has many such)—his poetry, of course, does not make him a lion. In a word, the measure seems to us one both absurd and mischievous. We trust its projectors will yet find some more suitable mode of testifying their esteem for this needy and deserving man.

That more suitable mode was never found; and the poor poet has laid aside the sickness of the "hope deferred" only in the grave. We call on those whose ill-directed kindness added this to his other sufferings to make some compensation to the family of him who is beyond the reach of compensation for him-

self—and of its need. We appeal confidently, besides, to the many who join us in honouring the genius that grew up amid toil—and the toil that while self-directed, made itself the faithful servant and lowly minister of the genius. The last verses ever written by poor Thom—"A Song of the Dwellers in Dean Vale"—read almost like a pleading from the humble poet's grave for those whom he has left.

While we laugh and sing in this happy ring
With a bright and brotherly glee,
May we never forget that the sun hath set
On the homes of misery.

For oh! it may be that this chill night wind
Sweeps round some fireless hearth;
Freezing the heart of the homeless one
With never a friend on earth.

Then aye as we sing may we closer cling
In our bright and brotherly glee;
Yet never forget that the sun may set
On the homes of misery.

Man was not made for the world alone,
The world was lent to man;
'Tis a debt we owe to Heaven, you know,—
Then pay it as well as you can.

Now winter rides mad in his carriage of snow,
With his pelting rain and his hail;
May it never be said that hunger and woe
Held abiding in bonny Dean Vale.

Then aye as we sing may we closer cling
In our bright and brotherly glee;
And never forget that the sun may set
On the homes of misery.

Our readers may be warned to look out, to-morrow, for a total eclipse of the moon. It will begin 16 minutes after 7 in the evening—middle 12 minutes past 9—and end 8 minutes past 11.

The following, which we find in the *Daily News*, we think worth transferring to columns which, like ours, have kept steadily in view the progress making in the mental education of the working classes—"The inhabitants of Patricroft have lately erected a commodious and substantial building, to answer the purposes of a mechanics' institution, day schools for boys and girls, and an infant school,—the total cost of which amounts to about 350*l*. The greater part of that sum has been raised by subscription among the friends of education,—but a debt remained of about 150*l*. without any apparent means of discharging it. On Friday last, the numerous workmen in the engineering establishment of Messrs. Nasmyth, Gaskell & Co., Bridgewater Foundry, held a meeting for the purpose of devising the means for liquidating the debt; when they came to the resolution that, with the consent of their employers, they would work a quarter of a day overtime each day during the fortnight following, and hand the proceeds over to the treasurer of the building."

The Academy of Sciences in Paris has elected our countryman the Rev. H. Moseley for one of its corresponding members in the section of mechanics. Mr. Robert Stephenson was one of the unsuccessful candidates on the occasion.

The library of the King and Queen of the French at Neuilly amounted, it is said, to fourteen thousand volumes; and about twelve thousand of these, we are glad to hear, have escaped the devastation of the Chateau. The amount of the literary damage can, however, scarcely be estimated. Torn, as the books were, from the cases which contained them, and flung roughly into carts for transport to the *Mairie* during the work of destruction, the extent of mutilation has yet to be ascertained. The volumes are in process of conveyance to the *Bibliothèque Nationale*—as it is now called; where they will be catalogued, and as far as possible restored. Amongst this literary heap, it is announced that the famous manuscript of the book of Gaston Phœbus commonly called the *Livre des Chances*—inscribed in the old catalogue of the National Library and carried off from it by Louis the Fourteenth in 1663—has been recovered.

A correspondent writes to us as follows:—"It is the habit of the *Athenæum* to abstain from comment on the shifting political events of the day; but you are bound to point to the solemn lessons of history, even though the page be yet wet on which they are recorded. Thus, it can hardly be out of your province to mark for your readers the contrast between the unadorned exit of a 'citizen king' from the stage of the world, and the homage of the heart which has followed one of the most absolute rulers of Europe (for according to law the power of the King of

Denmark was as unlimited as that of the Tzar of Russia) to his last resting-place. The 'closing scene' of each was but the expression of the difference—the difference was in the men themselves. The day after France had ignominiously expelled a sovereign from the high place his ascent to which had been accompanied by promises too soon to be broken, Denmark bore with tears to the grave a monarch whose advent to the throne was attended by popular disappointment, yet whose reign proved one of progress,—and who in dying has bequeathed to his successor the draft of a constitution the carrying out of which was denied to himself. The funeral of his late Majesty Christian VIII. took place in the evening of the 25th of February. The stately procession moved from the Palace of Amalienborg through the torch-lighted streets of the city; and at the Palace of Charlottenborg, the seat of the Academy of Fine Arts—of which the late king was a munificent patron and sincere promoter—a 'Farewell' was sung in chorus to the departed prince. As the *cortège* passed out of the western gate of the city on its road to the railway by which the royal corpse was to be conveyed to Roeskilde—in whose Cathedral repose the remains of a long and uninterrupted line of Danish kings,—the stillness of the night was again broken by the solemn tones of a last farewell, breathing the solemn thanks of a people to the monarch who had never closed his ear to their complaints. A little beyond the gate—where rises the column erected by the peasantry of the country in honour of Frederick VI., who broke the bonds of serfdom,—the procession passed under a brilliantly-lighted triumphal arch of evergreens, erected by the agriculturists of the district in token of their gratitude for the further ameliorations in their condition introduced by the late king, and decorated with transparencies and inscriptions descriptive of the feeling. 'Blest be the memory of King Christian VIII.!' says one of these inscriptions.—How different might have been the history of Humanity if the attainment of fame like this had been more frequently the highest ambition of rulers!"

The Government of Denmark, like some other of the continental states, exhibits a zeal for the preservation of the national monuments which contrasts, not very flatteringly for ourselves, with the indifference of the authorities at home. No sooner had the Danish antiquary, Worsaae, returned from his tour through England—where his original, yet well considered, views on our early national antiquities gained for him golden opinions from both sections of the archaeological world—than he was appointed by the late king a member of the Royal Commission for the preservation of the monuments of Denmark,—and especially nominated Inspector of all the antiquarian monuments of the country. One of the first acts of the present King of Denmark has been to issue an order that all the national monuments on the royal estates shall be excepted from the leases to the under-tenants,—and preserved as the property of the public. The endeavours to protect such relics have hitherto been confined to the collecting of them in museums; but the attempt is now to be made to maintain them *in situ*.

Collectors propose, but the Auctioneer disposes! What availed Horace Walpole's solicitude to keep his Strawberry treasures together, and hand them down to generations yet unborn as so many proofs of his tact and foresight in dilettantism? His wit served to point a paragraph for Robins!—What availed *Elia's* "intense delight" in "his midnight darlings, his Folios;" with every one of which was linked some delicious recollection of pleasure—or of poverty (*vide* the exquisite paper 'Old China')? A February number of the *New York Literary World* announces some sixty of these as having found their way to Bartlett & Welford's, Broadway, for sale! "What," as the Editor pleasantly says, "will their fate be now? Who, amid the ever-changing fortunes of American families, will keep the herd together in a library! Their destiny is now most assuredly to travel over the continent:—some to be dog-eared in Oregon, some to grow crisp of cover in Labrador, some to be freshly bound in leather from a Californian bullock, some to follow annexation and be shelved in time in the 'Society Library' of Mexico." We would gladly "lay the flattering unction to our souls" that this might be but an experiment on bibliomaniac curiosity akin to that which

produced the treasures of the Fortsas Library. Our transatlantic friends, we know, are "great hands" at authenticating a Mermaid. It is not very long since, being in want of a wonder, they "took down" the Falls of Niagara;—and in literary matters their exact knowledge may be questioned, when we find in the very journal before us an advertisement of 'Christopher Tadpole' by Horace (for Albert) Smith! But the following items in the Lamb Catalogue are startling:—"The Life of John Bunce, &c., with very curious and characteristic introductory critical Note by Coleridge, and marginal corrections throughout.—'Poems,' by Donne. The blank leaves and margins full of curious and valuable critical and illustrative notes, written while reading the poems, most characteristic of Coleridge, including an original Epigrammatic Poem by him, &c. &c. At the end is—'I shall die soon, my dear Charles Lamb, and then you will not be vexed that I have scribbled your book. S. T. C., 2nd May, 1811.'—'God's Revenge against the crying and execrable sin of Murder.' By John Reynolds. With very long and curious critical and metaphysical notes by Coleridge, characterizing the book of 'honest Murthereo-Maniac John Reynolds.' In another he says, 'O what a beautiful concordia discordantium is an unthinking good man's soul!'"—We need not point out how desirable it is that "lots" like these should fall to the lot of some worthy literary man. Some of Coleridge's best criticisms, we fancy, have been thus *invested*; and the idea of losing them is painful to every student and scholar,—even if he have no twinge at the thoughts of the well-beloved intimates of Charles and Mary Lamb passing from within the precincts of "London with-the-many sins!"

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL.

The Gallery for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of British Artists is OPEN DAILY, from Ten till Five.—Admission, 1*s*. Catalogue, 1*s*.

WILLIAM BARNARD Keeper.

SOCIETIES

GEOGRAPHICAL.—Feb. 28.—W. J. Hamilton, President, in the chair.—Two papers were read; the first by Mr. John S. Leigh, giving an account of a visit to the Zambezi and to Quilimane, a town upon its shore; the second by Mr. Augustus Terman,—the subject the Fall of the Jordan as compared with certain British rivers. Hitherto but little has been known of the actual state of the Jordan; for although it may have been crossed at various points, yet so dangerous has travelling upon its banks proved, in consequence of the attacks of the Arabs, that it may almost (until recently descended by Lieut. Molyneux) have been regarded, below Beisan, as a *flumen incognitum*. When, however, the relative levels of the Lake Tiberias and of the Dead Sea were ascertained, and the distance between the two considered, the Jordan being the communicating medium, and that in a distance not much exceeding 80 miles the fall of that river averaged 16·4 feet per mile, it was regarded by some, and amongst them by Prof. Robinson, that should the Jordan be devoid of cataracts, rapids, or falls,—and none such had been met with by travellers who had crossed it in various places,—either there must be some error in the measurements of the levels of Lake Tiberias and the Dead Sea, or there existed a remarkable phenomenon well deserving the attention of geographers. It was therefore the object of the author of this paper to demonstrate that a fall of 16·4 feet per mile might occur without rapid, cataract, or fall, and yet no phenomenon exist.—One circumstance noticed by the author may be dwelt on for an instant:—in examining the results of De Bertou, Ruesegger, and Von Wildenbruch, the depression of both the Dead Sea and the Lake of Tiberias increases in chronological order, and De Bertou's observations in 1838 give a greater depression than his first in 1837.—The fall of a river influences in part the velocity or force of its current, but not to such an extent that the rate of fall could be taken as a scale for the rate of velocity. The Rhine, Danube, and Elbe are very rapid rivers, yet they only exhibit a fall of one or two and very seldom three feet per mile; while the "gentle Tweed," with an average fall of nearly eight feet, from the affluence of Biggar water to the sea, is freely navigated by small boats—a fall of only two feet in the Danube presenting the greatest obstacles to navigation. The geological

structure of the country through which a river runs may be regarded as the chief cause of sudden descents. The Severn and the Shannon are much alike in magnitude; the average descent of the former is 26·6 inches per mile, of the latter only 9 inches; and yet the Severn pursues its course without any rapids or falls, whilst the Shannon forms those magnificent falls of Doonas, equalling the most celebrated in Europe. The author, by a number of tables of the size and descent of various British rivers, and by deep and laborious hydrographical research, demonstrated that even should the descent of the Jordan be, as stated by Prof. Robinson, 16·4 feet per mile, without either fall or cataract, yet there is nothing extraordinary in such circumstance, nor any great geographical problem to be solved; whereas on the other hand the actual amount of descent per mile is greatly diminished in consequence of the Jordan being not a straight but a very tortuous river, and therefore its length from the Lake Tiberias to the Dead Sea much greater than has been generally supposed.

GEOLOGICAL.—*March 8.*—Sir H. T. De la Beche in the chair.—A paper 'On the Position in the Cretaceous Series of Beds containing Phosphate of Lime,' by R. A. C. Austen, Esq., was read.—In a letter in the *Gardener's Chronicle* of the 19th of February last, Mr. Paine, of Farnham, gives an account of some strata in which phosphate of lime occurs in sufficient abundance to render it of importance to agriculture; and the editor expresses a hope that the notice may lead to the successful search for like underground wealth in other parts of the country. The present paper is written in part fulfilment of that hope. Many observers, as M. Brongniart, Dr. Buckland, Sir H. De la Beche, and Dr. Fitton, have noticed the occurrence of phosphates of lime in the gault. The author had also noticed them in his account of the vicinity of Guildford. The important part of the recent discovery is, therefore, only that this substance is so abundant as to have great economic value. Near Guildford, phosphate nodules are abundant in the upper greensand. In the gault below, concretions of phosphate of lime are not so uniformly diffused, but occur in two seams,—one in the argillaceous portion of the bed, the other very low in the mass. Both beds are very persistent; but in consequence of the undulations of the strata along the base of the escarpment of the North Downs, it is only a few places that will repay those who may look for this mineral substance,—the beds of gault and greensand being often far below the surface. The phosphates have been found beneath Newland's Corner, near Guildford, at Puttenham and other places. The greensand and gault at Farnham, also, contain beds productive of phosphates of lime. The nodules have the form of coprolites, but differ from these bodies in internal structure.

A paper 'On the Presence of Phosphoric Acid in the Subordinate Members of the Chalk Formation,' by J. C. Nesbit, Esq., was next read.—From the marl near Farnham there was obtained by washing a substance evidently coprolitic, containing 28 per cent. of phosphoric acid, while the general mass contains as much as 2 to 3 per cent. In some nodules from the gault near Maidstone, so much as 23 per cent. was also obtained, and some nodular masses of shells from the Shanklin sands showed 15 per cent. of this important substance.

An 'Outline of the Principal Geological Features of the Salt Field of Cheshire and the adjoining districts,' by G. W. Ormerod, Esq., was next read. The salt measures are exhibited in the best manner in a line from Mow to Middlewich and Northwich, and along the lower valley of the Weaver. Near Congleton and Church Lawton, the siliferous and gypsiferous beds have a thickness of about 650 feet. At Northwich, the beds have been sunk into 500 feet; and at Middlewich, where they underlie the former, 309 feet,—or above 800 feet in all. The salt water in some places oozes out on the surface naturally; at other places, is found by boring often below the level of the sea. At Middlewich, the water contains about 2½ lb. of salt in a gallon. Where the salt has continued to be washed out from the interior of the earth for a long period in this manner, the ground above often sinks, and considerable changes of level take place, interfering with the drainage and

navigation, and occasionally submerging large tracts of ground so as to form lakes.

ASTRONOMICAL.—*Feb. 11.*—This was the anniversary meeting, and the annual Report was read. It was very long, and embraced a great many subjects: in fact, the reports of this Society become longer and longer from year to year. The principal point of interest relating to the proceedings of the Society was the award of a testimonial to twelve astronomers, in lieu of the usual medal to one. The Council set forth that, owing to the very large number of claims which had arisen or become ripe for consideration in the course of the last year (including several which were postponed by the great event of last year), it had been thought advisable to celebrate a very remarkable time, as well as the men who had made it so, by awarding an unusual testimonial. Twelve astronomers having been proposed for the ordinary medal, each of whom would have had a certainty of obtaining it had he stood alone, it was determined to include the twelve in the award. They are,—Mr. Adams, for his inverse application of the theory of perturbations,—Mr. Airy, for his voluntary reduction of the ancient lunar observations made at Greenwich,—Mr. Argelander, for his catalogues of stars,—Mr. Bishop, for his foundation and maintenance of an observatory which has enlarged the solar system,—Col. Everest, for his completion of the meridian arc measured in India,—Mr. Hansen, for his additions to our knowledge of the lunar theory,—Mr. Hencke, for his discovery of two planets,—Sir John Herschel, for his astronomical labours in the southern hemisphere,—Mr. Hind, for his discovery of two planets,—M. Leverrier, for his inverse application of the theory of perturbations,—Sir John Lubbock, for his researches in the theory of planetary perturbations,—and Mr. Weisse, for his zeal in the reduction of the observations of stars. The testimonial is to consist of an inscription printed on vellum, of which the following is a copy:—"In recognition of the great advances recently made in astronomy, and in gratitude to those who made them, the Royal Astronomical Society has awarded this public testimonial to certain distinguished astronomers, among whom is [name], whose [brief recital of services] place him among those who have greatly contributed to the progress of human knowledge, and who is hereby most respectfully requested to accept and preserve this acknowledgment of his talent, energy and success."

ASIATIC.—*March 4.*—Prof. Wilson in the chair.—A Meteorological Journal kept at Fuh-chow-foo, in China, was presented to the Society by Sir G. Staunton. The observations extend from July 1844 to the close of August 1846; and with one exception (February to June 1845) the series is unbroken. The climate of Fuh-chow appears to be extremely uncertain. The spring is the wet season,—which is usually ended by June; when the weather grows excessively hot. In September the absence of the south-east breezes which blow throughout the summer renders the heat very oppressive,—though the thermometer may not show so high a figure as in the months preceding. The winter is beautiful; the sun has still considerable power, and the sky is often without a cloud. The nights are sometimes frosty; and once since the establishment of the consulate snow has been seen on the hills.

The Secretary read a paper, by B. H. Hodgson, Esq., 'On the Aborigines of the Sub-Himalayas.' This region is a tract to the south of Tibet, stretching from Gilgit to Brahma Kenid, with an average breadth of ninety miles. The mountains are very precipitous, intersected by numerous narrow glens, well watered with innumerable springs and rivers, and abounding in a most luxuriant tree and herb vegetation. The country may be divided as regards climate into three pretty equal divisions; and the observations in the present paper are confined to the countries between the Kali, or Ghagra, and the Dhunori, including the countries of Nepal, Sikim, and Bhutan. In this tract there are ten principal tribes of aborigines, all of whom speak dialects which have scarcely any intermixture of the Indian Prakrits. They inhabit the central and temperate parts of the mountains, at elevations varying from 3,000 to 10,000 feet. Their climate is healthy and not troubled with excessive heat; but the temperature varies much, and

there is a superabundance of moisture, producing rank vegetation. These tribes are all of Tibetan origin,—as proved by their languages, creeds, customs, legends, and physical peculiarities. Their legends indicate a transit over the Himalayas, which might have taken place 1,300 years ago; and it must certainly have occurred before the Buddhism of India was introduced into Tibet in the seventh or eighth century. The rugged nature of the country, by preventing free intercourse, has multiplied dialects. The people are a non-nomadic, agricultural class. The heat and moisture of the Cis-Himalayas being greater than that of Tibet, the inhabitants of the former are smaller, less muscular, and of a darker colour than those of the latter country. But the differences are by no means important; showing that great variations of climate and of habits for more than a thousand years has not produced any obliterate effects on the essential and distinctive signs of race.

INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—*March 6.*—C. Fowler, V.P. in the chair.—Mr. A. B. Blenkinsop was elected an Associate.—A paper was read, by J. Fergusson, Esq., 'On the Ancient Buddhist Architecture of India.' Mr. Fergusson commenced by showing that the generally assumed primeval antiquity of Indian buildings was not borne out by facts; as the oldest monuments in the country, whether cut in the rock or structural, belonged to the Buddhists,—and the founder of that religion died only 543 B.C.: and that even that date was too early, as it did not become the religion of the state till after 250 B.C., in the reign of Asoka,—by whom the earliest monuments hitherto found in India had been erected. After showing that there was no real similarity between the architectural styles of Egypt and India, he proceeded to point out that the latter country was occupied by two distinct races of people,—the one aboriginal, and occupying the southern portion of the Peninsula; while the other, or Indo-Germanic race, came into the country, at a tolerably recent period, as conquerors or colonists, and settled in the valleys of the Indus and Ganges. It was among the latter race that the Buddhist religion arose and flourished for more than a thousand years, or from before 250 B.C. till after 750 A.D.,—though at the time of the Mohammedan invasion it seems to have been entirely extinct; and now there was not a Buddhist, or an institution of that religion, in the country of its birth. After alluding to the curious fact of the names of Ptolemy Antiochus, and other Greek kings, being mentioned in the inscription of this Asoka, Mr. Fergusson dwelt for some time on the existence of a purely Greek honeysuckle ornament being found on the pillars set up by this king at Allahabad, and on which one of his inscriptions is engraved. He then proceeded to classify the religious edifices of the Buddhists,—dividing them into three classes, the first being the Topes, or Dagobas, large domical buildings erected to contain relics, many of which still exist in Afghanistan and Ceylon as well as India. After describing the various parts of a dagoba, Mr. Fergusson showed how the tee, or ornament on the top of them, gradually became taller and taller, till it became a three or nine storied tower, not only in India, but in China,—as in the instance of the celebrated Porcelain Tower at Nankin. The circular inclosure of the topes was next illustrated, from a curious example at Sanchee, in Bhopal, which still retains its singular gateways. These likewise were shown to be the original of the Palloos, or what are improperly called the triumphal arches of the Chinese. The next class of monuments were the Chaityas, or churches, which in India are known to us only from the caves; as are also the third class or Viharas, or monasteries,—which served as residences for the priests, and of which two or more are attached to every Chaitya in every series of caves in India. After pointing out their general plans and arrangements, Mr. Fergusson proceeded to illustrate the beautiful mode in which the chaitya caves were lighted by one large opening or window over the entrance; and then explained the construction of the roofs,—which, though always circular in form, were never copies of arches (which were not to be found in India till long after the Mohammedan invasion), but of wooden construction; and in some of the earlier caves the original wood-work

still existed, though in the more modern ones its forms were repeated in the rock. After concluding the Indian part of his subject, Mr. Fergusson pointed out the striking similarity that existed between the arrangement of the buildings he had been describing and those of Stonehenge,—which he had no doubt whatever was a Buddhist building; and he thought every part of that hitherto mysterious erection admitted of easy explanation on that supposition. He concluded by showing how domes were constructed in India; and pointed out the similarity that existed between the Indian examples and the well-known tomb at Mylasse, in Asia Minor—and the curious circumstance that the hog-backed Lycian tombs, discovered by Sir Charles Fellows, strongly resembled, not only in form, but in construction, those Indian buildings which had formed the subject of the lecture; while the language of the inscriptions on them was a dialect of the Sanscrit, about as far removed from the mother tongue as that found on inscriptions in the Indian examples.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—March 10.—Admiral Sir E. Codrington, V.P., in the chair.—Dr. R. G. Latham 'On the Ethnological Affinities of the Nations of Caucasus.'—The term Caucasian is used in the strictly limited and geographical sense of the word. It does by no means denote the great division of the human race which is called by writers upon the physical history of mankind, Caucasian. It simply denotes the tribes that dwell at the foot and in the recesses of Mount Caucasus—the tribes between the Black Sea and the Caspian. These stand in a remarkable contrast to the contiguous nations. The Turkish race, to the north and east, is spread over a vast continuous area;—i.e. to the borders of the Icy Sea. The Persian race, to the south, is continued to the far limits of Hindostan. The Russian languages, to the west, are equally remarkable for the extent to which they exhibit the phenomenon of a single race spread over a vast geographical area. In opposition to these, the Caucasian tribes are numerous, distinct, and isolated—unlike each other and unlike the rest of the world, at least as far as the evidence of their language is concerned. This isolation and diversity, real or apparent, have long been insisted on. In Gibbon's account of the Lazic War we find a contemporary author speaking of the 300 languages spoken in the parts in question. Even in later times the number of Caucasian dialects has been put so high as seventy. The basis of the existing classification is the 'Sprachatlas et Asia Polyglotta' of Klaproth. This, although admitting far fewer languages radically distinct from each other, still leaves the following groups unconnected. 1. *The Ossetic dialects*.—These Klaproth imagines to represent the languages of an ancient Median colony, and of the Alani of the medieval historians. Rosen, although he denies their Median origin, still considers them as Indo-European. 2. *The Georgian dialects*.—The Cartulinian, Suanic, Lazic, Mingrelian. Allied to each other, but unlike any other languages. 3. *The Luvian dialects*.—These fall into the Avar, Kasi-kumak, Akush, and Kura divisions. Some of these divisions, again, fall into subdivisions. Thus, in the Avar, there are the Arakan, Dido, Anguch, and other sub-dialects. 4. *The Chechen dialects*.—The Chechen, Ingush, Tushii. 5. *The Circassian dialects*.—The Adigé, or proper Circassian, the Abchasin, and the Tapanta. It was considered that the only point concerning the relations of the above-mentioned dialects with each other that required notice was the place of the Ossetic language. In this respect its position as Indo-European was objected to—as were also all inferences deduced therefrom. It was considered to be simply Caucasian. The chief point was the ethnological relations of the languages in question, not to each other, but to those of the world at large. They were not with the languages nearest them geographically;—i.e. the Turkish, Persian, or Russian. They had never been considered by competent judges to have any definite affinities with the Armenian. An Egyptian origin had never been, on historical grounds, assumed for the Georgian, as the representative of the old Colchian. This was not confirmed by the evidence of either language or physiology. The evidence of Bopp for considering them Indo-European was considered insufficient. Klaproth's affinities with the Siberian

tongues were admitted; but it was doubted whether they were the nearest. The doctrine laid before the meeting was, that the nearest affinities of the languages of Caucasus were with the monosyllabic languages; of which those of Tibet were the nearest in regard to their geography. As, amongst numerous other coincidences, the numerals partially coincided, it was inferred that the separation from the parent stock took place after the numerical power of certain words had been fixed; whilst, as the peculiar points of the social life and religion of the western tribes speaking monosyllabic languages were not found in the Caucasus, it was inferred that the separation had taken place before the evolution of such habits, &c., in Tibet. The spread of the Persian dialects had effected the disconnection. The Chinese dialects are nearly monosyllabic: the Tibetan exhibit the germs of inflection, whilst the Caucasian languages, one stage nearer a system of inflections, still retain strong traces of character originally monosyllabic.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- MON. British Architects, 8, P.M.
— Pathological Society, 7.—Council.
— Statistical Society, 8.
— Royal Academy, 8.—Sculpture.
TUES. Linnean Society, 8.
— Horticultural Society, 3.
— Institution of Civil Engineers, 8.—'Description of the Wood Bridge across the River Tees, at Stockburn,' by H. T. Wright.—'Description of Highton's Safety Railway Chair,' by E. Highton.—'On Railway Junctions,' by A. Blandlands.
WED. Geological Society, half-past 8.
THURS. Society of Antiquaries, 8.
— Royal Society of Literature, 4.
— Royal Society, half-past 8.
— Numismatic Society, 7.
FRI. Philological Society, 8.
— Royal Institution, half-past 8.—Dr. Daubeny 'On Some of the Applications of Geology to Chemical Research.'

FINE ARTS

ARTS AND ARMS.

We have had submitted to us a correspondence in which one of the military clubs of the metropolis figures in a remarkable manner; exhibiting morally an entire misapprehension of the relative position of its own members—and on a question of Art a want of education as to the character and meanings of the latter—which contrast singularly with the increased and increasing knowledge that is generally abroad.

Mr. Marshall Claxton, as our readers know, exhibited in the collection at Westminster Hall, last summer, a picture of 'The Burial of Sir John Moore,'—of which we were enabled to make a favourable report [see *Athenæum*, No. 1028, p. 737]. As this work did not find a purchaser in the Hall, and its dimensions precluded the artist from keeping it in his studio, he selected the senior United Service Club as an appropriate body for its reception,—and liberally presented it to that institution. Of course, the gift was accepted, as was natural, with gratitude; and Mr. Claxton had the reasonable expectation of having wrought for reputation, if not for money.

He little knew, however, the sort of connoisseurs among whom he had cast his chance. He had never calculated that the results of his genius were to be judged by military rule—that the coats and cocked hats in the picture were to take precedence of the art among his chosen judges. From the moment of the presentation, a series of the most extraordinary proceedings took place in respect of the gift; throughout the whole of which the members of the United Service Club, while they exhibited almost ludicrously their unfitness to be the recipients of a work of Art, betrayed an utter unconsciousness that the artist was, both as donor and as a worker in the intellectual mines, a higher presence than themselves. The relative positions of the painter and the club they adjusted after the old rule of military supremacy; and quite forgot—or perhaps had never learnt—that the world has ceased to worship the sword, and that the man of genius in the new hierarchy is above the soldier. During all the negotiations that ensued, Mr. Claxton was treated with a sort of cold and civil condescension that affected to reverse the characters of the benefactor and the benefited—summoned and remanded at the pleasure of the committee and its chairman—and instructed and overruled in the matter of his own art in a manner which will probably sicken him for life, and make all his brethren beware in future, of military judges.

Having given his picture, the members seem to have considered that as an incident came with it the right to Mr. Claxton's further services:—and the

manner in which they exercised their right is a thing to make the club immortal. We have before us copies of the entire correspondence between the parties; and from its lengthened details will endeavour shortly to extract the points which illustrate this remarkable performance of the military club.—First, they requested from the artist a key to his picture;—and this Mr. Claxton sent. Then, they expressed a wish for an alteration in the costume of the officers;—and that Sir David Baird might make way in the picture for somebody else, on some small point of chronology. It never occurred to these connoisseurs that in works of Art a latitude in the latter respect is allowed for the sake of completeness in a story which has to be read at a single glance;—nor that the costumes, with their arbitrariness of colour and form, are essential parts of a composition, and cannot be altered without an important change in the artist's design. Their next demand is an advance upon even the genius of the last requisition; it being coolly suggested that the light should be altered,—the light of the picture, be it observed, to adapt it (we suppose) to its place, instead of the usual plan of making the place suit the light of the picture. And finally, Mr. Claxton is informed that "some gentleman had proposed covering up the face of Sir John Moore!" Well might Mr. Claxton write—"I trust you will explain to the Committee the great embarrassment of my position. I am anxious to make it satisfactory to them; but in justice to myself and family I must beg to remind them that I am an artist by profession, and not a rich one, and that I cannot afford to incur any further expense for this picture;—and also that when they did me the honour to accept the picture they had seen it, and expressed their complete satisfaction with it." Again,—the alterations were in the first place to be made in the Club. Then, Mr. Claxton is requested to remove his picture for the purpose of making the alterations,—"as the closing of one of the Club rooms will inconvenience members." The sum of the time, and labour, and "inconvenience" expended by the artist giving, weighed as nothing against the mere "inconvenience" to the members receiving. The attitude assumed by the Club is right royal;—upon terms of the utmost submission on the part of the obligor only will they consent to be obliged. Then—the picture, which was first to hang in the library, is proposed to be put into the billiard room—for these gentlemen had evidently got hold of a property which they had no idea what to do with: and finally, after it had, to use Mr. Claxton's expression, undergone "alterations which were intended to make it satisfactory even to a military tailor"—had, in fact, been ruined, at their request, for any other purpose than their own—fitted for its one meridian by their prescription—the matter is wound up by the Committee of the Club requesting Mr. Claxton to take the picture back again! This product of the arts was, in fact, a thing altogether beyond their management. After a series of unsuccessful evolutions performed in the attempt to take up an appropriate position in presence of it, they could see no way out of their difficulty but by a retreat.—"You may be acquainted," says Mr. Claxton, "with the more successful members of my profession; but you cannot have considered the injurious effect of such an event on those who have their name and fortune to make."—"You have no right," he adds, "to place me in a situation from which I cannot withdraw without serious danger to my position as an artist."

But by far the richest bit remains behind. The Club will never get over it. The reason assigned by these soldiers for finally requesting the withdrawal of the picture exceeds anything we know of in farce. The Chairman of the Committee informed Mr. Claxton that it was to be removed because some of the members objected to sit in the room with a picture of a dead body!—It would scarcely have been more ludicrous if such an objection had come from Surgeons' Hall! The top described by Shakspeare, who loved civet and could not bear to have "an unmanly corpse" brought "between the wind and his nobility," is intelligible; but a soldier uneasy in the presence of a dead body (it being his trade to make them),—yea, more, at the mere picture of a dead body—is a suggestion which would have exceeded the limits of caricature. "What do you come frightening delicate females with your nasty corpses for?" say

the old women at Sairy Gamp's door to Mr. Pecksniff; "you are old enough, and ugly enough, to know better." This sudden burst of conscientious confession throws a new and unexpected light on their desire to have the face of Sir John Moore covered up! The one demand and the other were forms of exorcism:—and the last was successful.

The ghost is gone, then, from the United Service Club:—but really, if these gentlemen will ignore the progress of education and knowledge out of doors, they should at any rate be consistent to the theory of the military character within.—The only way in which they can get out of this matter with any dignity is on the supposition that *conscience* has had something to do with it. Did this very peculiar form of the objection to "the skeleton at the feast" point at the troubled memories which the picture of a dead man in uniform conjures up within a soldier's breast? If so, it takes a higher character than the first mention of it suggests; but then, it hints at objections to his trade—and shows a somewhat unsoldierly want of faith in it on his own part.

By the way, we cannot but think that a proper exercise of the *esprit de corps* which the members of the United Service Club show in other things might have led them to have some respect even for an artist who bears the militarily suggestive name of Marshall!

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—The picture bequeathed by the late W. Wells, Esq. of Redleaf, to the National Gallery has been just suspended on its walls. The subject is 'The Coronation of the Virgin,' painted by Guido. The picture is of small dimensions. It was purchased from Sir Thomas Lawrence by the late proprietor for one thousand guineas. The Gallery already containing several works from the same hand, and some of mark, this picture cannot be considered a very great acquisition. In it, the experiment made by the school of which its author was so distinguished a feature exemplifies the incongruity and indefiniteness of result that are always conspicuous in eclectic art. In this picture the original intention of the painter is but imperfectly fulfilled in the art language in which it is developed. Designed in that symmetrical, nay formal, arrangement which distinguished a very early and pure condition of Art, the character of its forms is too accidental and hard. It is forced in light and shade,—and in its colour and its contrasts too obvious and exaggerated; while for a spiritual subject it has too much of substantiality. The contours of the draperies are too florid,—and the *ensemble* is theatrical and incongruous. In a word, it has just that absence of distinctive character and originality to be expected in productions where a combination is essayed of qualities that are not very compatible with one another—each having individually constituted the character and renown of some distinct age and school. The failure so strongly evidenced here may be instructive at a time when the doctrine of such combination is recommended from high places in our native schools of Art.

The responsible duties of the arrangement of the pictures, &c. for the forthcoming Exhibition of the Royal Academy devolve this year on Messrs. F. R. Lee and T. Webster.

Mr. Burford would seem determined to exhaust the points of topographic or historic association available for illustration by his art. Through a long career of years he has been an able caterer for public taste. Our earliest memory of Art is linked with our visits to his rooms in Leicester Square; and though this fact might imply the veteran in the painter, it is so in the sense of experience only. More freshness of mind or vigour of hand he has not shown than in the Panorama of Vienna now open to the public,—and of which we had a private view on Saturday last. Vienna has certain points of difference from other cities that have afforded novelty to the painter. Situated in one great plain, and thickly studded with churches and palaces and dwellings, the perpetual interference of vegetation—in promenades, gardens, or park scenery,—with its architectural masses gives contrast as well of colour as of form. What relates to the painter's power in the management of such contrasts, or in the production of atmospheric truth and the daylight look of nature, Mr. Burford has never asserted with more successful results.

A collection of water-colour drawings was sold in

the middle of the past week at Messrs. Christie & Manson's, which belonged to Mr. Nixon the well-known dealer. A good idea might be obtained from it of the species of taste which influences both the collector in the demand, and the painter in the supply, of such matters. In about two hundred lots there were but few really entitled to an appellation so positive as that of *drawing*. The term should denote precision and truth; but in the larger number of these the loose and indefinite qualities would have been better designated by that of *sketch*. The majority were just such as in every artist's folio furnish the material for his finished picture; the individual study,—the matter-of-fact presentment,—the element for future combination in the completed work. So considered, most of them were of great ability. The names of Turner, Stanfield, Collins, Calcott, Hunt, Holland, Wright, Bonington and De Wint may be cited among the contributors. The collection might be taken as suggestive—rather than as a manifestation—of British talent.

The Editor of the *Church and State Gazette* in copying our notice [*ante*, p. 224] of the alterations in progress at the little Church of St. Pancras-in-the-Fields, adds the following particulars to our incidental notice of Samuel Cooper the painter—a tablet to whose memory with its fading inscription rests on the wall of the old church.—"Samuel Cooper merits more than the brief notice made of him by our worthy contemporary. He was one of the greatest of miniature painters, and was born in this city in 1609. He was the pupil of his uncle Hoskins, who hated him for the superiority which he achieved. His fame was so great that he was throughout Europe universally styled 'the miniature Vandyck'; and in the painting of a face was never surpassed by the best masters of the Italian schools. Not only did Cromwell sit to him, as stated by the *Athenæum*, but Charles II., his Queen, his mistress (the Duchess of Cleveland), his brother James, Duke of York, and the great portion of the gay court of his day. Louis XIV. offered Cooper 3750 francs for his famous miniature of Cromwell, but Cooper would not part with it. His wife was the aunt of Pope, the mother of the poet being the sister of Mrs. Cooper. He died in 1672. His elder brother, Alexander, resided in Sweden, having the appointment of painter to the famous Queen Christina."

The proposal for a testimonial to George Cruikshank is assuming substance and shape.—A Committee having been formed for the purpose of taking the steps necessary to carry the project into effect. It is not, however, as yet decided what the form of testimonial shall be; and the decision will no doubt be in some degree dependent on the amount of the subscriptions.—A contemporary mentions that a Committee of the Builders' Society has been organized for the purpose of presenting to Mr. Thomas Cubitt a testimonial of the respect and esteem of the builders of London.

A correspondent writes as follows.—"What were the *dilettanti* gentlemen about in the House of Commons the other night, when the architecture of the *Campo Santo* at Pisa was "arranged" by Mr. Osborne with a view of throwing discredit on the introduction of *fresco* painting into gothic buildings? 'By line and rule' this noble cloister may not be pure gothic, but in all its decorative forms and features it is. Gothic tracery fills the arches,—which, moreover, authorities tell us, were originally destined to be further closed with stained glass. As no one was bold enough to put forward this fact, allow me to state it. Let me also inquire how it chanced that no voice could speak of the remains of mural painting disclosed from beneath the whitewash of our gothic cathedrals, &c.—which was originally meant to consort with

stained windows richly dyed

and a vault coloured blue and powdered with stars? If such simple matters as these are known to none of the debaters, they are hardly in a case to meddle with questions of Art, save for the purpose of receiving instructive testimony thereon."

The *Constitutionnel* says it has received some correct information respecting the devastation of the Chateau de Neuilly. "There were at Neuilly about 300 pictures, all of them modern:—only 150 have been saved, and conveyed to the Louvre. The re-

mainder have been burnt. It is fortunate that Louis Philippe should have liked and favoured bad painting. We have seen a catalogue of the pictures that have been destroyed:—the loss is not a great one. All the names in the catalogue are nearly unknown,—and of little worth in the Fine Arts. Among those most to be regretted are Leopold Robert's 'Improvisateur,' and an 'Old Beggar,' by the same artist; the 'Soldat Laboureur,' of Horace Vernet; and Ary Scheffer's 'Faust.' Its pendant, the 'Marguerite,' is greatly damaged. Most of the other pictures of Vernet, Gudin, &c. have been saved."

The works sent for exhibition to the Louvre amount this year to 5,362,—double the number received last year. In spite, however, of the toleration prescribed by the Minister, the number exhibited would, it was said, not exactly tally with the number sent;—many young artists having shrunk from the ordeal thus opened to them, and voluntarily withdrawn their works. This is a wholesome result of the latitude allowed. The artist who would have held himself unjustly used in being made to give way before any more close and formal censorship, himself shrinks back from the true and open censorship of public opinion. Deprived thus of a pretext for brooding over a fancied wrong, he finds the motive to caution in the same quarter where he finds the incentive to exertion. On many minds, then, the republicanism of the gallery may act with a beneficial effect; but there are, we well know, vanities,—and especially in Art,—that are fearless in proportion as they are foolish; and the Art-jury will no doubt be re-established in France.—To the Art Gossip from Paris we may add that M. Clesinger, the sculptor, presented to the Provisional Government, on Sunday last, a colossal bust of Liberty; which was carried in procession through the streets by a body of nearly 300 sculptors,—and received at Notre-Dame-des-Victoires the blessing of the Church.

The Minister of the Interior, we may add, has determined that an appeal shall be made to artists to present sketches in painting of a symbolic figure of the French Republic. They are to be publicly exhibited,—and a jury of artists, literary men and statesmen is to choose the three best compositions. These the artists are to be invited to reproduce on a large scale; and the jury will then select the best of them.—The Minister of the Interior has further decided that a medal commemorating the Revolution of 1848 and the establishment of the French Republic shall be struck off in the National Mint,—which medal is also to be put up for public competition.

The papers report the death of Seraphin Vlieger, the celebrated Flemish artist,—at the premature age of forty-one. M. Vlieger was a professor of the Academy of Alost.

A case has recently occurred before one of the criminal courts of the metropolis which may help to enlighten the public, and those whom it more emphatically concerns, as to the sort of proceedings that take place under charters of incorporation to bodies of artists. It is not, of course, the charter itself which we are pretending to hold liable for the practices exposed; but we, who object generally to exclusive privileges as giving one body of artists an advantage over another,—and dividing for the service of cliques the resources which might do so much in combination,—have our objection strengthened if the charter cannot even raise the tone and moral of those whom it distinguishes, and if things be done under its shelter which when done by the unchartered are matters of question in police offices.—In the case alluded to, the keeper of the Exhibiting Gallery in Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, was indicted for embezzling the monies of the Society of British Artists, his masters; and the cross-examination of the prisoner by Mr. Clarkson disclosed certain proceedings on the part of those masters themselves which rather than bring into court, they had better, we think, have submitted to the loss of their money. It was implied, in the first place, that a system exists in this Society of selling the pictures of the members for what they will fetch, and representing the price obtained as much greater,—with the view we presume, of falsely enhancing the reputation of the artist. The practice of a false pretence like this reflects such dishonour, by imputation, on the body of British Artists, that we will venture to hope it

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have no general existence—and that the charge may not even be true in the particular case. It is right to say that of this charge Mr. Clarkson was not able to exert an admission; but it has, at the same time, a painful significance that it was not, by the party under examination, absolutely denied.—The next practice charged against a member of the Society will be best explained by an extract from the examination of the person implicated.—Mr. Stevens, the treasurer to that body. Mr. Stevens said:—

I am an artist by profession. I remember painting a picture called a 'Head of a Greek Boy.' It was exhibited by the Society, and was sold in the gallery to a Mr. Bohn, of Devonport, for 17 guineas. I painted a copy of it. I sent the picture to Mr. Bohn. I think the original was sent.

Mr. Clarkson: Upon your oath, Mr. Stevens, did you not send to Mr. Bohn a copy of the picture you sold him for 17 guineas, while you resold the original for 10 guineas?

Mr. Stevens: I believe I did. It is a common practice amongst artists to make copies of their pictures, and sometimes a copy excels the original. It is a very common practice.

The Recorder wished to know whether the witness had received the 17 guineas from Mr. Bohn before he sent him the imitation picture.—Mr. Stevens believed not.

We may add that Mr. Clarkson said he had five-and-twenty similar instances before him; and he wished the public to know the practices of these Art Societies. The comment upon such facts as these seems too obvious to need stating. The artist who makes a copy of the picture which he has sold, without the consent of the purchaser—whether he send the copy to the original to the latter—commits a fraud morally, in our view of morals—and if not legally, then it is time that the law and the morality of the subject should be reconciled. The copy which he sells to Bohn if made before he sold the original to A, having no notice that there was such a copy when he purchased—is the property of A, with which he is dealing dishonestly to his own profit. And this is the case notwithstanding the artist's own work on each several copy; because he who abstracts the property of another cannot make it his own by labouring on it.—Again and again, we have complained that the Artist has not his due place in England—which should be one of the highest. But if the Artist be not true himself to the lofty theory of his character, he must not expect its recognition by others. Many unwholesome influences are, we fear, just now at work to taint the genius of art with the trading spirit—and Art-Unions must not be counted among the least. But practices which the Recorder characterizes by a significant hint that "a lot a little further step being taken, serious consequences might have followed," would dishonour the best champion—and bring further degradation on art even if it were already no more than a mere trade.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

MUSICAL UNION.—Members' Tickets are this day sent by post to the residences of the Subscribers. Any omissions will be remedied on application to Cramer & Co., 201, Regent-street, London, W. Tickets for the first night of the season, to be given by the Union, will be sent by post to the residences of the Subscribers. Single Tickets, signed by the Committee, 10s. 6d. each, can be obtained on applying to the Director.

MR. BRANDT has the honour to announce that he will give a MUSICAL MATINEE at WILLIS'S ROOMS, KING-STREET, ST. JAMES'S, on WEDNESDAY, April 12, 1848. Vocalists—Mrs. Bland, Mrs. Brandt, and Mr. Brandt. Instrumentalists—Mrs. Bland, Mrs. Brandt, and Mr. Brandt. Single Tickets, 10s. 6d. each, and Family Tickets (to admit Three), 12s. 10s. may be had of all the principal Music-sellers, and of Mr. Brandt, 7, Holborn, London, W. Tickets and Programmes at 21, Soho-square.

THE DOUBTFUL PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE. Is the *Athenæum* of the 4th inst., in your remarks on the play of 'Sir John Oldcastle,' I observe a singular omission, and as singular an error—to which I beg leave to call your attention. The error I refer to is the assertion that the play had been acted under Shakespeare's name, in Henslowe's Theatre, many years antecedent to its publication in 1600. The omission is that of the entry in Henslowe's Diary, under the date of October 16, 1599, of the payment of 10l. to Munday, Drayton, Wilson, and Hathaway "for the first part of the life of Sir John Oldcastle, and in earnest of the second part." This ought to settle the question: for I quite agree with

you that the internal evidence is strong against this play being a work of Shakespeare's,—and the German critics have, in my opinion, also proved themselves utterly disqualified from pronouncing a judgment.

Of the seven plays first collected in the fourth edition of 1664, I think 'Pericles' alone is the work of Shakespeare. There is, however, I should say, an interval of twenty years between the first two and the last three acts in their present state. From a diligent study of the subject, I have very little hesitation in giving my opinion that 'Locrine' was written by Marlowe. 'Sir John Oldcastle' is already disposed of. Of the four remaining plays, 'The Yorkshire Tragedy' is the only one possessing any great power. 'Thomas, Lord Cromwell,' seems to me to be a poor imitation of Shakespeare's style; and it is worthy of remark, that it was not originally published with his name. Neither was 'The Puritan'; which is not even an imitation,—being as unlike Shakespeare as anything can well be conceived: and 'The London Prodigal' is perhaps the most worthless play that has come down to us from that prolific age. Although I have no doubt on the subject myself, I can understand a doubt being felt as to whether Shakespeare might not have written 'The Yorkshire Tragedy':—but there can be no justification, even with only such evidence as exists, for putting forward either of the other plays in the same category as his works.—I am, &c. SAMUEL HICKSON.

Pleasant Row, Regent's Park.
March 11, 1848.

Our correspondent has mistaken a transient concession for a positive statement of our own. Our remarks had reference to the following passage in the Olympic circular so often already referred to.

It so happens that a curious and scarce edition, dated A.D. 1600 (a copy of which has been recently exhibited in this theatre), bears the name of William Shakespeare, and is described in the title-page as a play that "hath been lately acted by the Right Honourable the Earl of Nottingham, Lord High Admirall of England, his seruantes;" and there seems no reason to doubt that this play was acted, under Shakespeare's name, in the theatre, under the direction of Henslowe, the Lord High Admirall's manager, about the year 1596,—that is, eighteen years before the death of the immortal writer.

To this statement we opposed, as regards the question of authorship merely, the answer given by Mr. Charles Knight—and will take the opportunity of now adding, in the same sense, the argument of Mr. J. Payne Collier. But first, we quote the entry in Henslowe's Diary to which our correspondent refers—as it has been recently published by the Shakespeare Society.

This 16. of October, 99.

Received by me, Thomas Downton, of Phillip Henslow, to pay Mr. Munday, Mr. Drayton and Mr. Wilson, and Hathaway for the first pte of the life of Sir John Oldcastle, and in earnest of the second pte, for the use of the company, ten pound, I say received 10li

The question that remains is,—was the play of 'Sir John Oldcastle' acted, and how long, before the date of this receipt, or after?

An entry in Henslowe's Diary, strangely overlooked not only by our correspondent but by a contemporary who quotes the one of the "16. of October, 99," settles the proximate date of the first representation of 'Sir John Oldcastle.' It is placed between two other entries, respectively dated the 1st and 8th of November 1599; and is as follows, in the handwriting of "Samuell Rowley."—

"Received of Mr. Hinchloe, for Mr. Mundaye and the Reste of the poets, at the playngs of Sr. John Oldcastell the ferste tyme. As a geffe Xs."

Mr. Collier adds, by way of note,—“Although this entry (by Samuel Rowley) is without date, yet, placed where it is, there can be little doubt that the first part of 'Sir John Oldcastle' was played for the first time between the 1st and the 8th of November, 1599. The success seems to have been so great as to induce the old careful manager to make the four poets a present of half-a-crown each.”

To come, on the other point, to the arguments of Mr. Collier to which we have referred. (See his 'Annals of the Stage,' pp. 245-6, published in 1831.)—

Of fourteen plays (exclusive of 'The Two Italian Gentlemen') in which Munday was concerned between 1597 and 1603, there is but one other which is known to have been printed; viz the first part of 'The Life of Sir John Oldcastle.' In this piece he was aided by Michael Drayton, Robert Wilson, and Richard Hathaway. It was published in 1600, with the name of Shakespeare on the title-page—a decided proof (says Malone) that Shakespeare was entirely careless about literary fame, and could patiently endure to be made answerable for compositions which were not his own without taking any means to undeceive the public.

It is unlucky for this assertion that within the last few years—that is, before 1831—a copy of the first part of 'The Life of Sir John Oldcastle' has been publicly sold without the name of Shakespeare on the title-page; as if, when he found it had been falsely attributed to him, he had taken some "means to undeceive the public," and had compelled the bookseller to reprint the first leaf of the play. A copy, without the name of Shakespeare on the title-page, is also in the dramatic library at Bridgewater House.

Let us, while on the subject, draw attention to the name of Michael Drayton. The receipt in Henslowe, it will be observed, omits the Christian name, and only says "Mr. Drayton." Now, on the 19th of December 1599, this "Mr. Drayton," it appears from the same Diary, received 4l. more,—perhaps, as some conjecture, in full payment of the second part. It is supposed, also, that he was the principal author; and a doubt has been lately thrown on the assumption that this Mr. Drayton was identical with the poet Michael. This, however is a topic on which we now merely touch. Suffice it to state that the Christian name of Michael occurs twice in the Henslowe entries,—one of them being the dramatist's own signature. As to the play itself, the question of its authorship may be held to be at least negatively settled. Whatever share the four writers named in Downton's receipt had in its composition, it is certainly not Shakespeare's.

In our correspondent's remarks on the other apocryphal plays we in a great measure concur:—but we think he does some injustice to that on *Thomas, Lord Cromwell*. We speak—and spoke—of it as an acting drama, not as a dramatic poem. As the former it would not have needed the extensive alterations made in the 'Sir John Oldcastle.'

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Music and Education. By Joseph Mainzer.—“Once upon a time” Dr. Mainzer was a pleasant sketcher of music and manners in the old towns and by-ways of Germany; and the *Athenæum* [No. 608], if we mistake not, had the pleasure of introducing him in this capacity to the English public. He should mark in his calendar with a black stone (that symbol of ill-temper, *vide* the story of 'The Singing Tree,' &c. in 'The Arabian Nights') the day when he laid by "manners" and took up "education." The sole novelties in the ingenious volume before us—the main argument of which is the teaching of vocal music at a very early period—are sundry spirits of wrath; small wrath, let us add. The smallness, however, befits one whose chief clients are infants; and possibly it may be meant to prepare the way for some outbreak of animosity fitter for adults. Dr. Mainzer is affronted at the Directors of the High School at Edinburgh—very angry at the heads of the Whitehall Board of Education—sufficiently displeased with the *Miss Cranes* and *Miss Montfathers* who preside over "seminaries" and will have their young ladies taught the pianoforte in preference to "singing for the million"—and cruelly hard upon a writer in the *Athenæum*, whom he calls "Joshua" and other bad names. Now, since Dr. Mainzer seems fond of quoting baby-verses and pleads for "unlicensed teaching"—good, bad and indifferent to be alike admired and protected,—and as we are all instructors and "friends together," let us amicably recommend to him two lines by Dr. Watts to be added to his collection; as suitable to be said or sung by himself and pupils when rival systems of music, or when educators, professional or literary, with naughty questions and rude criticisms trouble their harmony:—

Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The first concert of the season commenced with a Symphony by a composer whose name is new to the English public. The *Biographie* of M. Fétis gives some answer to the question current in the Hanover Square Rooms, "Who is Hesse?" He is an organist at Breslau, a few years younger than the century, who has studied under Kinck and Dr. Spohr, and whose works were already, some years ago, sixty in number: including symphonies—an oratorio, 'Tobias,'—and classical chamber music. The work produced on Monday, though regularly composed, was "dry as the remainder biscuit;" the *minuetto*—as often happens—was the most pleasing movement, the *larghetto* being patchy and long-drawn. It is well, from time to time, to try what is new; but such works tell

dreary tales of the state of instrumental composition in Germany,—being little better than the school-manufactures that England can now furnish by the dozen. The other Symphony was Mendelssohn's *Second*. This was, possibly, never so well played; and our relish for it grows with every hearing. The *andante*, a sort of *Folklied* (encored), the *minuetto* with its tuneable melody and richly contrasted *trio*, and the *Saltarella* which serves as *finale*, contain more constructive power, freshness and genius—besides spontaneous and unborrowed individuality—than any other man's work that we know of written since Beethoven died. Not merely in the fulness of regret but in the firmness of conviction do we increasingly believe that Mendelssohn's music will wear among other first-rate specimens of Art. The overtures of the concert were 'Euryanthe' (encored), and 'Prometheus,'—the *solos*, Beethoven's superb Concerto in E flat, played by Mrs. Anderson, and a violin Concerto by M. Sainton of his own concoction. So highly do we esteem this gentleman, for his zeal, steadiness and energy, and for the pains he has taken to improve year by year,—that it would have given us pleasure to welcome him as a composer. This, however, we cannot do. There was a certain novelty of arrangement in his Concerto, and no lack of trite and showy passages; but nothing more can besaid in its praise. The singers were Miss A. Williams and Mdlle. Alboni. The English lady so successfully conquered a difficult *scena* from Spohr's 'Zemira and Azor' (for whereas Mozart and Rossini give *scenas* to be sung, Spohr's compositions excite a perpetual struggle betwixt voice and orchestra), with a voice so fresh and in a style so steady, that we were proportionately vexed by the slack and tawdry manner in which she gave her *solo* in the duett from 'Semiramide' with the Italian lady. Mdlle. Alboni's songs were 'Voï che sapete' (encored), and 'Pensa alla patria,' from 'L'Italiana.' Her voice is recovering its rich *chalmeeu* quality,—though it is still far from being in the full beauty of last year. Has she been forcing it upwards, and thus weakened its middle tones? No magic will ever make her so effective in *soprano* music as in that befitting her real voice,—which is a *contralto*. But singers are too apt to imagine that they can sing upon all the notes they can produce. To return, however, to what is more especially the feature of the Philharmonic Concerts:—the orchestra was in good order and its best spirit. We should be glad to hear of some of the unperformed works of Beethoven coming to trial; for instance, his Overture with the grand fugue. M. Berlioz, too, we think should have a hearing; the 'Struensee' music of Meyerbeer; the new Symphony by Onslow, too;—and M. Thalberg be invited to play, with orchestra. But—between the old subscribers, who reject all novelties unless they be as good as Beethoven, and 'the native talent,' which imagines itself to have already reached that easy height—direction and selection may not be so easy as they seem to the critics.

CONCERTS OF CHAMBER MUSIC.—Mr. Lucas held the first of his series on Wednesday.—Mr. L. Sloper his last on Thursday. This gentleman does himself credit by the variety of music he selects for performance. This comprised a MS. Introduction and Rondo for two pianofortes by Hummel, Madame Duleken taking the first instrument—an *Allemande*, *Courante*, and *Chaconne* by Couperin.—Beethoven's *solo Sonata*, Op. 90.—Mendelssohn's second Duett with *violoncello* (in which M. Rousselot played less steadily than his wont)—a beautiful and original *Nocturne* by Stephen Heller; also a *Scène pastorale*. This composer's music deserves to be better known, for its picturesqueness without extravagance. Lastly, Mr. Sloper played a very clever and original *Mazurka* of his own composition: and Chopin has made it difficult for any one to write originally in the very limited and somewhat *baroque* measures of this national dance. We cannot part from these *soirées* without remarking the advance which Mr. Sloper has made in power and in expression since last year. He seems resolved to run a tilt against Mr. W. S. Bennett for the English championship of the Pianoforte. Few things are pleasanter than to see, as in his case, enterprise in research seconded by careful preparation.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Verdi's 'Attila' was given on Tuesday last. There are degrees in every thing. "One gentleman," said Giornovich when called upon to award the palm to two rival violin-players, "play very bad,—but the other gentleman, he not play at all!"—still it would be difficult to fancy a worse opera even from Verdi. The story is so imperfectly made out, by either dialogue or action on the stage, that we are indebted to the argument of the *libretto* for knowing what follows. Attila (Signor Belletti), after having destroyed the Roman colony of Acquileia, is fascinated by the courage of Odabella (Signora Cruvelli), the daughter of the lord of the city. She, "having for object" (saith the *libretto*) "to enact the part of Judith towards Holofernes," shares in the plots of Foresto an Acquileian chief (Signor Gardoni) and Enzo "the leader of the defeated Romans" (Signor Cuzzani), subsequently relents,—but, lastly, is taunted into drawing a claymore and finishing Attila and the opera together. We have told this abruptly, but not more suddenly than the catastrophe happens. More it is needless to reveal; save that the drama contains a burning city, a storm on the sea-shore, and other opportunities of scenic display, of which few know how to avail themselves better than Mr. Marshall. As for the music—were we to carry out and apply Charles Lamb's principle of being "modest for a modest man" the fit review thereof would be a *charivari*. The force of noise can hardly further go; unless we are to resort to the device of Sarti's cannon fired to time his Russian 'Te Deum' on the taking of Ocsakow,—or imitate the anvil-chorus which Spontini, we have heard, introduced in one of his operas. It is something to have touched the limits of the outrageous style,—but this, we think, we have now done; unless the more recent 'Alzira' and 'Macbeth' of the composer contain double parts for the ophicleides, or like extra-seasonings. The solitary *morceau* calling for praise is a symphony descriptive of storm and daybreak. In some of the concerted music, too, there is a certain grandeur of climax; but the melodies are old and unlovely to a degree which is almost impertinent,—and 'I Masnadieri' itself was not more devoid of 'the discourse which enchants the ear' than this Gothic opera. May we never hear its like again!

The performance was not good. Signor Belletti does not improve on acquaintance. But a bass Angel could not have made much of his grim part,—and we think he could be provided with occupation more advantageous than any he has yet been put to. Mdlle. Cruvelli, by way of singing to the top of "the composer's bent," did her best to destroy the agreeable impression which she had made upon us. Her first *aria*, meant to be contemptuous and patriotic was delivered with almost every vicious variety of vocal tone possible; here, a hooting exclamation,—there, sarcasm through the shut teeth,—anon, a *fortissimo* screamed out of tune, or a *roulade* snapped off short. As all these offences, however, were committed with the purpose of being dramatic, we must remind Mdlle. Cruvelli that her great predecessors have been used to find sufficient means of expression within the limits of vocal art. Pasta's 'Ah, mia Giulietta!' was sung, not sobbed; Malibran's 'Sing ye unto the Lord' was a chaunt, not a shout; and even the animated 'Suevemoi' of Duprez in 'Guillaume Tell' was made as artistic as animated by the singer's manner of taking the note. The Germans have always endured the uncouth practices reproved for the sake of effect.—Madame Schroeder Devrient (as was well pointed out by M. Berlioz) being a magnificent offender. But they are the practices of charlatanism. By singing a few more parts such as Odabella in so extravagant a fashion Mdlle. Cruvelli would run the risk of being spoilt past cure, since hands are not wanting to applaud the same. For this we should be sorry in proportion to our conviction of her possessing more than ordinary gifts. Signor Gardoni, too, who is worth saving and sparing, may well deprecate any more such occupation as he has. His part produced small effect—a *stretto a due* between himself and the *soprano* just getting an *encore*. Signor Cuzzani's part in every sense of the word fell flat. The concerted music had not been sufficiently rehearsed: but on the whole the orchestra seemed better under Mr. Balfe's hand than usual. It is difficult in these days to say what is and what is not, success—or we

should chronicle 'Attila' as a decided failure. It was said in the house that 'Nino' is to be revived; and that Mdlle. Vera will make her first appearance in the part of *Fenena*, for the sake of the *preghiera* 'O dischiuso,'—one of the opera's most popular *morceaux*, with which it concludes. When is Mdlle. Moltini to sing?—Signor Coletti has arrived: and Mdlle. Carlotta Grisi is daily expected.

OLYMPIC.—'The Merchant of Venice' was performed (or rather rehearsed) last Monday, that Mr. Brooke might have an opportunity of appearing in *Shylock*. This is a character which by process of time has become purified in its general conception. The remarkable attributes which existed in the poet's mind were not fully brought out till they were interpreted by the elder Kean. Then was first seen and confessed on the stage the ancient Hebrew in the modern Jew—the old sacredness of his character rebelling against the weight of his new degradation. The theatre-goer acknowledged the sufferer (of whose "tribe" habitual "suffering" was the "badge") rather than the criminal; and was taught by the actor, as elsewhere he had been taught by the poet, that "there is a soul of goodness in things evil." Thus, in the passage referring to Jacob and Leah's sheep, the Jew as represented by Kean rose to his historical dignity; and the delivery was as solemn as if the text of Genesis had been religiously intoned. In that wonderful performance we were connected as by a mysterious sympathy with the heart, malignant as 't' was, that beat in the bosom of the insulted and resentful Israelite,—and "recognized a grandeur in its throbbings." From what we have already said of Mr. Brooke's acting, our readers will not expect that we found any portion of this finer and more exalted spirit in his present performance. He had not the slightest perception of the kind; nor for many even of the lower qualities which the character requires has he any peculiar natural fitness. The keen intellectual subtlety was absent altogether; but the occasional passion was, as usual with this actor, given with extraordinary force. On the whole, however, his accustomed tendency to violence was subdued; and he at least made an honest effort to maintain the gradations of scenic effect. Mr. Brooke deserves much commendation for his docility in this yielding to critical advice. But in doing so, he manifestly submits to constraint; and there are as the consequence stiffness, want of tone, lack of inspiration, and tediousness in execution. This actor is now felt to be too slow and deliberate; but this comparative defect is a peculiarity that appertains to a state of transition. He has but to persevere in the right direction, and habit will make it easy. *Portia* was intrusted to Miss May—a pleasing, but feeble actress. Both she and Mr. Brooke were imperfect in the text; and in this they were imitated by the subordinates,—to the destruction of all continuity in the acting. The company at this theatre, from the highest to the lowest, need drilling. There is much talent among them; but it is lost from their not having learnt that they form constituent parts of an organic whole, and should work together to a common end—each doing his best in his own limited sphere.

On Wednesday a Miss A. Marie Duret (advertised as of "great provincial celebrity") made her *début* in *Julia* in 'The Hunchback.' This lady acts with some propriety, but with little grace or force. Her figure is deficient in dignity. She appears too old to afford promise of improvement. Miss Kate Howard, who was the *Helen* of the evening, performed somewhat coarsely but effectively. Mr. Brooke undertook the part of *Master Walter*. His impersonation was very laudable. He was throughout more natural and subdued in manner than most of his precursors in the character, and threw much vigour and sentiment into the last act. His final remonstrance to his daughter was beautifully and chastely rendered. We trust that he now begins to feel that this style of acting is more likely to establish his fame than the vehement one into which he had so unfortunately wandered.

SADLER'S WELLS.—Mr. Phelps having made a favourable impression in the *Falstaff* of 'Henry IV.,' appears to have been desirous of following up his success by venturing on the further development of the same character in 'The Merry

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Wives of Windsor.' We witnessed the performance of this revival on Tuesday; and can report that it is throughout satisfactorily mounted and acted. This is owing to the care taken here at rehearsals—the legitimate result of the drill-system, without which no ordinary company can be got into acting order, and by which even the best possible troupe would receive improvement. The comedy was rendered from the original text, and the songs usually mixed up therewith were rigidly excluded. Shakspeare in this play showed more than his usual invention. It is true that the adventures of the corpulent knight were borrowed from an Italian tale, but the incidents are so adapted and modified to his own purpose that they are entitled to rank as little more than suggestions,—and even as such were probably adopted in haste to fulfil the command of Elizabeth. The *Falstaff* of 'The Merry Wives' is far inferior to, and somewhat inconsistent with, him of 'Henry IV.'—nevertheless, the former is much better known by the public than the latter. Mr. Phelps fully entered into the spirit of the situations, and gave proof of much comic power; though his presentment had not always the requisite breadth, and too frequently reduced the ideality of the poet to the personal level of the actor. The parts of *Ford* and *Poge* were well acted by Mr. Munton and Mr. Harrington;—those of their wives found lively enough representatives in Mrs. Marston and Miss Cooper. *Master Slender* was amusingly travestied by Mr. Hoskins, and *Parson Evans* found an admirable mimic in Mr. Scharfe. Nor were the inferior parts worse filled. Notwithstanding the variety involved in this drama, each performer seemed, by reason of the careful getting-up, to be equal to the expression of the allotted character; and the whole accordingly proceeded with a smoothness which, even where there was little room for praise, left none for censure.

MARYLEDONE.—Our last remarks apply also to the performances at this house. Here we have Mr. Lovell's play of 'Love's Sacrifice' in the course of performance, for the purpose of introducing Miss Fanny Vining to the public in the character of the heroine, *Margaret Aylmer*. This young lady has evidently been well trained,—and is likely to become an efficient actress. She is now somewhat crude; but manifests intelligence even where she partially fails to embody her conceptions. Her voice at present wants mellowness,—but will probably improve with practice;—and with the talents which she already displays, her performance justifies the expectation of her ultimate success.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—The promises of the Provisional Government of France every day increase in number and detail. Within the week, M. Cremieux is said to have answered a deputation from certain singing schools with the assurance that "the Government" would give its attention to the best manner of popularizing Music. The committee of examination, however, may wait, we suspect, till the time is over when 'La Marseillaise' and other melodies of the kind are the chief aims in request. A fortnight ago we were recalling the memoirs of M. Fleury. It is something like opening a new series to record how Mdlle. Rachel, the other evening, sang the old republican hymn at the *Théâtre* of the Rue Richelieu, in the costume of *Camille*, with a tricoloured flag and ribbon.—A new national song, the words and music of which are by M. Blanchard, has been executed at the *Grand Opéra*.—The chant 'Mourir pour la Patrie,' which, as we mentioned, was the tune of the Two Days, is the composition of M. Varney, the conductor of the orchestra at M. Dumas's *Théâtre Historique*; and not to be confounded (as a writer in *La Gazette Musicale* points out) with a Girondin tune by Rouget de l'Isle, the words of which are somewhat similar. The *Opéra National* has been giving its *pièce d'occasion*, entitled 'Les Barrières'; and its proprietors announce their intention of henceforward alternating *spectacle* and *comédie*—promising a military drama, 'La Grande Armée,' and the like. There is more of necessity than of Art in the above proceedings. But how can matters be otherwise, when the whole question of 'education,' so important to the great French theatre, is shaken on its basis?—certain persons de-

manding that, in place of the Vérons, Pillets, Duponchels, &c. who have hitherto administered their affairs, the State should charge itself with this onerous burden also! By a memorial from the Directors of the Theatres published in the *Journal des Débats*, it seems that the Provisional Government has already re-instated the hospitals in their old per-centage upon the gross receipts of each night's performance. Against this the managers one and all protest; declaring that they stand on the very brink of ruin,—and that a denial of the relief besought may lead to the closing of every place of public entertainment in Paris.—The Provisional Government has nominated a commission under the presidency of M. Auber, to consider of reforms in the *Conservatoire*.

Meanwhile, the principal pieces played during the week ending March the 13th, were 'La Fille d'Eschyle,' a five-act tragedy by M. Autran, which M. Janin praises highly; 'Le Dernier des Kerner,' a three-act drama by M. Souvestre, in which Mdlle. Rebecca (Mdlle. Rachel's sister) has distinguished herself; 'La Femme blasée' at the *Gymnase*; and 'Le Pouvoir d'une Femme,' for M. Bouffé, at the *Variétés*.

In Italy politics seem for the moment to have destroyed Music, or else to have given it a new meaning. How little, for instance, when Rossini threw off *Don Basilio*'s 'Buona sera,' in 'Il Barbiere,' did he imagine that it would be applied in triumph over the expulsion of the Jesuits; which, we are informed, has been the case at the *Opera* at Turin! Another contemporary tells us that the *entrata* of the heroine in Verdi's 'Attila' becomes something Tyrtæan in its power to animate. Those whose feelings have been long denied outlet, and whose boast as well as nature it is to exaggerate rather than to repress every expression thereof, are not to be judged by our Northern rules: but, with every disposition to accept the fable of Orpheus, this mixing up of the play with the serious business of life seems to us to verge on school-boy liberalism,—and to justify the Wit who asked, a day or two since, in one of the French journals, *à propos* of the re-baptism of the theatres, public buildings, &c. of Paris, whether the animals in 'Le Jardin' were also to sympathize, and the "royal tiger" was henceforth to bear the style and title of the "tiger of the Nation."—Let us note a whimsical coincidence. The beginning of the French Revolution was marked by that soliloquy of *Figaro* in Beaumarchais' comedy which contains the essence of much popular tragedy and the germ of "the movement," if ever stage-soliloquy did. The newest actor at Milan, produced when so much (as the *Zadkiels* tell us) is on the eve of consummation, has been 'Il Testamento di Figaro,' the music by Maestro Cagnoni.—Lombard patriotism, however, enjoins a fast from *La Scala* on the part of all true Italians; owing to which it has been announced that Madame Tadolini has cut short her Carnival engagement there, and will be here anon.—A correspondent of the *Times* mentions having been present when this Lady sang, and Miss Maywood, the American *dansuse*, piquetted to an audience of four boxes out of "the two hundred and forty in the six several tiers!"

Our tale of the "tunes of the time" would not be complete without a notice that the New Rhine Song seems to have burst out again in Germany with great vigour and enthusiasm.

Madame Viardot-Garcia has arrived in Paris.—Many of the vocalists, &c. are said to be on the point of coming hither a couple of months sooner than usual; so entirely has the course of their operations been arrested.—A contemporary speaks mysteriously of a probable visit from Rubini—and all this, be it noted, to provide for a season when the Thames is less of a Pactolus than usual, and when all classes are more intent to save than able to spend. We fear that disappointment and loss must be looked for.—It is said that the *Grand Opéra* at Paris is in treaty with Mdlle. Cruvelli; further, that M. Berlioz will give a second concert at Covent Garden Theatre.—Mr. Lumley announces a performance for the benefit of the distressed artisans in London.

Home matters for the week must give place to illustrations of foreign "humour." We observe that English comic opera (if works translated from the French and Italian justify that name) has taken refuge in the Strand Theatre, under the auspices of Mr. Tully.

Two festival performances are to be given in

the Town Hall at Birmingham on Thursday in Easter week, "in aid of a fund for erecting in the Town Hall a lasting memorial to the late Dr. Felix Mendelssohn." 'Elijah' is to be performed in the morning, with many of the original singers; in the evening, 'The First Walpurgis Night.' The *Sacred Harmonic Society*, which produced the 'St. Paul' on Wednesday evening, announces the 'Hymn of Praise,' or 'Lobgesang,' for the 29th inst. In the absence of all announcement, we are led to believe that Mr. Perry has taken Mr. Surman's place as conductor. Should this prove the case, it was hardly worth while displacing that gentleman on musical grounds.

Another English singer fresh from Italy, and strong in the recommendation of a popular name, Mr. William Farren, will make his appearance at the first *Ancient Concert* on Wednesday evening next.

MISCELLANEA

Paris Academy of Sciences.—Feb. 28 and March 6. —Nearly the whole time of these sittings was taken up with communications on astronomy, chemistry, and mineralogy.—A communication was received from Messrs. du Breuil, Fauchet, and J. Girardin, on the results of experiments made by them with salt as a manure in 1846. They state that the use of salt in the proportions of 200 to 500 kilogrammes per hectare (2 acres and a half) augments the produce; that the proper quantity is 300 to 400 kilogrammes for wheat, and that if this quantity be exceeded the increase of produce is more favourable to the straw than to the grain. If ammoniacal water saturated with sulphuric acid be used in the proportion of 1,400 kilogrammes to the hectare, the results are the same as for 400 kilogrammes of salt.

Important Post-office Notice.—It may be useful to many of our town readers to be informed that letters and newspapers are now received at the railway station, Euston-square, to be despatched by the night and day mail trains to all towns the correspondence of which is conveyed by the London and North-Western Railway or by the lines branching from it. A list of these towns may be seen at the station. A fee of sixpence, in addition to the postage, is charged upon every letter, and a fee of sixpence on every newspaper; this fee, as well as the postage, must in all cases be paid in stamps. A bag for the receipt of these letters is suspended at the station every day (except Sunday), from 7 30 a.m. to 9 50 a.m. for the daily mail,—and from 7 30 p.m. to 8 35 p.m. for the night mail.

Inquiring Correspondents.—Our readers will have some suspicion, from our repeated notice to correspondents, of the multiplicity of questions which we are coolly requested from time to time to answer,—and the variety and occasionally curious character of the information which a compliance would demand. An American contemporary has rushed into verse under the sense of the same grievance; and thus enunciates the claims made upon him in his capacity of instructor by a morning's letters:—

"Are you for taking the duty off tea?"
 "What's the age of the Pope?"
 "When will the next Good Friday be?"
 "Are you pretty well off for soap?"
 "Oblige by stating the longest night."
 "Did Shelley make a will?"
 "Misther Hebedetur, sur, von von the fight,
 The Noblier or Brummagem Bill?"
 "Can a policeman legally knock me down,
 If I ask him the way to the ferry?"
 "Who wrote the life of Grimaldi, the Clown?"
 "Whom did Julius Caesar marry?"
 "When was Tawell the Quaker hanged?"
 "Who bought Lord George's 'Gaper'?"
 "Is the *Anabasis* scintillant double fanged?"
 "Are you going to reduce your paper?"
 "Is bone-dust really made into bread?"
 "Are the Jumpers increasing in Wales?"
 "Where is it that angels fear to tread?"
 "Have you tried the patent scales?"
 "What colour was Polyphemus's eye?"
 "Was the great Alexander a Spartan?"
 "When may an oyster be said to die?"
 "Who's the oft-mentioned Betty Martin?"

Australian Coal.—In the course of an examination before a Select Committee of the Legislative Council of New South Wales, the Rev. William Branwhite Clerk, a Fellow of the Geological Society of London, gave it as his opinion that there exists in New South

Wales an ample supply of coal for all the uses of the colony. In Newcastle, U.S. the seams of coal are nineteen feet thick, and in Illawarra about ten feet. Mr. Clerk calculates that in the Newcastle (U.S.) district alone the available supply on three square miles is equal to 27,000 tons annually for 700 years. He thinks that coal would not be found in Ceylon—which is composed exclusively of granite and gneiss; but that it would be found in other islands of the Indian Archipelago—as it occurs in Borneo. Steam navigation from Australia may be assisted by coal found at Talmahano, south of Valparaiso; and also in the Upsallatra ranges of the Cordillera:—and he expects that it would be detected in the mountains of the same great chain to the eastward of Copiapo. Coal is found abundantly in New Zealand and in Kerguelen's Land.—Mr. Clerk has communicated the detailed results of his investigations to the Geological Society; and no doubt these will appear in their Transactions. In a country where the climate is so mild and wood so plentiful as in New South Wales, it is only when coal-mines are found sufficiently near to rivers and sea-ports to be sold at a moderate rate for steam-boats that they will be much valued in this generation.

Chloroform in Manufactures.—The powerful solvent capabilities of chloroform are now by experiment fully established. Caoutchouc, resin, copal, and gum-lac, bromine, iodine, the essential oils, &c., yield to its solvent power. This property may, it is believed, prove extensively of advantage in many of the fine and useful arts.—*Pharmaceutical Times.*

Gravitation of the Electric Fluid.—Mr. Lake, of the Royal Laboratory, Portsmouth, has communicated to the *Lancet* the results of a singular experiment, which appears to show that the electric agent is really fluid; and that when collected so as not to exert its powers of attraction and repulsion it obeys the laws of gravitation like carbonic acid and other gases. The electric fluid was received in a Leyden jar insulated on a glass plate. At the lower part of the jar was a crack in the side of a star-like form, and from around this the metallic coating was removed. On charging the jar, it was observed that the electric fluid soon became to flow out in a stream from the lower opening; and on continuing the working of the machine, it flowed over the lip of the jar, descending in a faint luminous conical stream (visible only in the dark) until it reached the level of the outside coating, over which it became gradually diffused, forming, as it were, a frill, or collar. When the jar was a little inclined on one side, there was a perceptible difference in the time of its escape over the higher and lower parts of the lip, from the latter of which it began to flow first. On discontinuing the working of the machine, the fluid first ceased to flow at the lip of the jar, and then at the lower aperture. On renewing the operation, it first re-appeared at the lower aperture, and afterwards at the mouth. This very ingenious experiment appears to establish the fact, that the electric fluid is material, and is influenced, under certain circumstances, by the laws of gravitation. Mr. Lake proposes for it the name of pyrogen; but this is inconvenient, because it is already applied to certain chemical products.—*Medical Gazette.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—M. P. L.—C. Y.—S. T.—D. A. C. K.—G. H.—Sarah—A Lover of Art—C. B.—A. S.—received.

D. W. T.—Our correspondent, whenever he hears an assertion of the kind to which he refers made in reference to the *Athenæum*, and by whomsoever made, may be sure of its falsehood:—and in the case questioned, if he were in the habit of reading the *Athenæum*, he would know it.

H. W.—H. J.—In each of these cases we should be glad to be furnished with the name of our correspondent.

W. L.—Besides having quoted the passage from "Strada" which our correspondent encloses long ago—we are uncertain how often since we have had to announce, under this head, that we had done so, in answer to parties who, like W. L., have rediscovered it for our use.

H. E. G.—We cannot give our correspondent any information respecting the party about whom she inquires. It appears that this lady has been imposed on by some one dating from Houndsditch, and advertising in this paper a number of newspapers for sale, at reduced prices, on the day after publication: and "having met with the advertisement in so respectable a paper as the *Athenæum*," she "had no doubt as to the honour of the party"—and is sure we will feel it due to ourselves that no impostor should be allowed with impunity to advertise in our columns. Let us ask H. E. G. if she really conceives it possible that we, or any other paper, should answer for the characters of all advertisers, or test all the pretensions advertised, in our columns?

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(Registered pursuant to 7 & 8 Vict. cap. 110.)
CAPITAL £200,000 in £5,000 shares of £40 each.
Deposit £1 per share. (Immediate.)

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ETON FUND.

Distinct from the General Life Assurance, but under the immediate superintendence of the Board of Directors, is established the Eton Fund, for the support and assistance of those old Etonians of whom ill-health or misfortune may have deprived of the means of livelihood.

